SR'S ANNUAL GUIDE TO RELIGIOUS BOOKS

Saturday Review

MARCH 6, 1954 / 20¢

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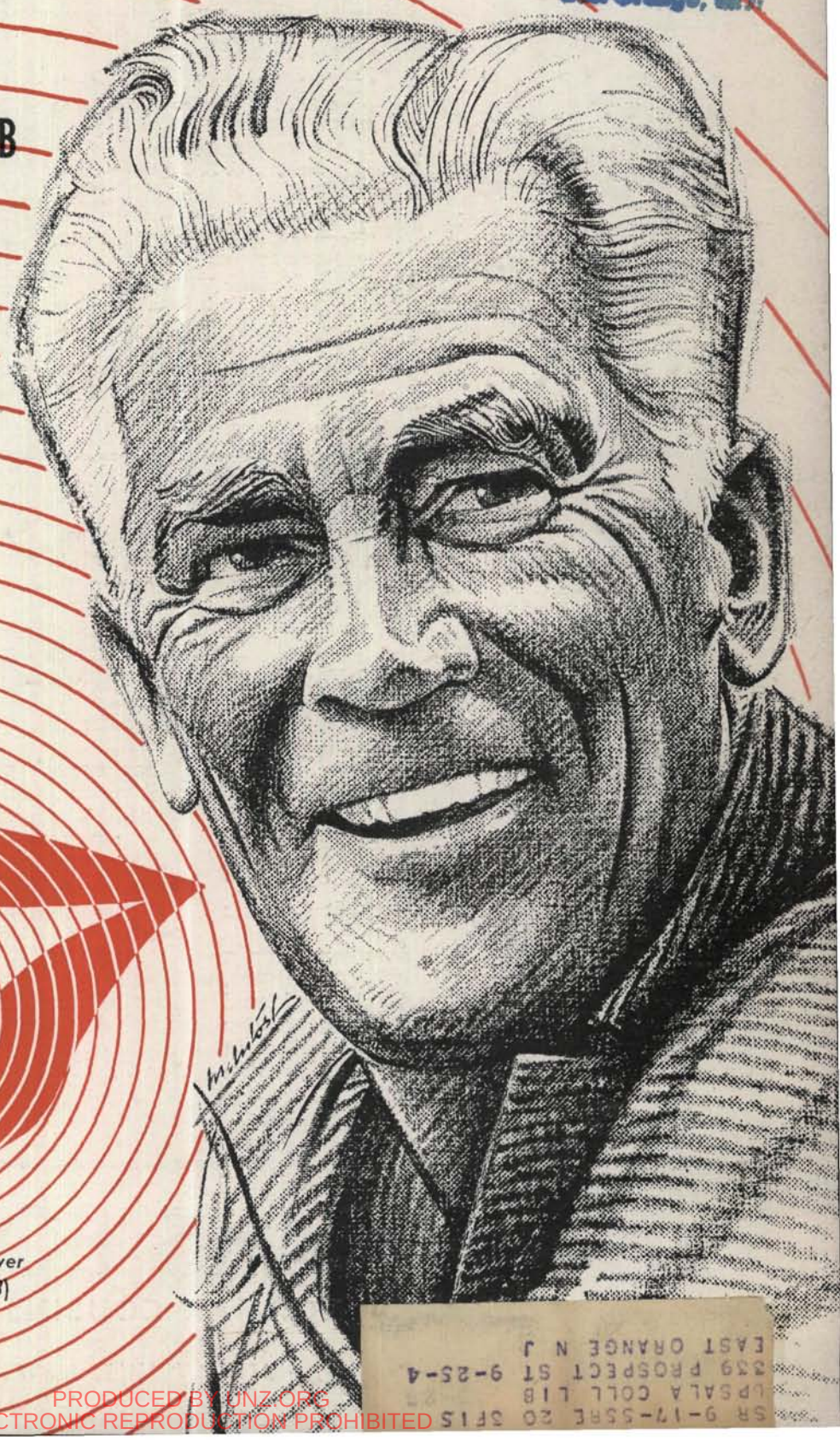
MEMORIES OF A WALL STREET SUBURB

By Van Wyck Brooks



Stuart Chase, author of "Power of Words." (See page 13)

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"This is one of the most provocative books I have read in recent years . . . worthy of serious consideration and study by all who are interested in world peace. The book bristles with valuable facts and insights."

The New York Times

"A powerful, forthright plea to Mankind to begin thinking of itself as just that, rather than as a heterogeneous collection of groups . . . Survival there must be, but to mean anything it has to be purposeful survival."

Joseph Henry Jackson
San Francisco Chronicle

"A book that has, in a few hours, changed my whole personal outlook."

Jane B. Sorenson
The Christian Advocate

SOME books have altered history. A few months ago we published one which has all the makings. Many thousands of people have read it already, through six editions. These readers know that it is a personal document—vital and compelling—of trips to the far reaches of our world. They know that it is a verbatim record of conversations with Nehru, an eye-witness story of what happened at Bikini, a day-by-day account of meetings with Koreans in their rubble-strewn streets, an unvarnished tale of some United Nations' troops met in the cold and desolate foxholes behind the Korean lines, a wry memoir of a meeting with Hitler's one-time financier Fritz Thyssen, a conversation with the Mayor of Hiroshima at "Ground Zero," the spot directly below which warfare's first atomic bomb exploded.

Its readers know that this is far more than a record of travels, of conversations, of adventures. They know that it is a wise American's considered judgment of the turn events must take if our civilization is to be preserved. They know that in its pages lie not merely the arguments for the preservation of the United Nations but also the plan for strengthening it so that it can survive. They know that this book contains a master idea for a better ordered world: the kind of world men of good will everywhere are searching for when they talk of safety from aggression, safety from the horrors of modern weapons, and of such safety maintained under foolproof inspection and control.

When enough people have read this book, there will be a constant and insistent demand that governments move in the direction this book points. This may never happen, because enough people don't always read the books that should be widely read. Meanwhile, if you read it, even though you may not suddenly find yourself one of that group which constitutes "enough," you will have shared one of the more remarkable reading experiences of our time. You will have seen a light which only a few have glimpsed, you will have been profoundly uplifted. And you will know that, even though it may turn out that your world will not be the better for this book, you—yourself—will be.

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN?

By NORMAN COUSINS

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SR's Library Poll

AS THIS is the week *SR* reviews the religious books of a year, it is worth noting that studies of spiritual guidance and encouragement are never far out of first place in any reading popularity list. Both Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking" and Bishop Sheen's "Life Is Worth Living" have been on our list for many months, and still the former stands third, the latter fifth.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)**
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
5. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
6. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)
7. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
8. **The Second Tree from the Corner**
   by E. B. White (G)
9. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
10. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
11. **Sayonara**
    by James A. Michener (F)
12. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)
13. **The Secret Diary**
    of Harold L. Ickes (G)
14. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)
15. **The Adventures of Augie March**
    by Saul Bellow (F)
16. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)
17. **Time and Time Again**
    by James Hilton (F)
18. **Beyond This Place**
    by A. J. Cronin (F)
19. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)
20. **The Man Who Never Was**
    by Ewen Montagu (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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"The city of the big shoulders,"

Carl Sandburg called Chicago many years ago. Recently we had a visitor in Chicago, the famous South African poet, Roy Campbell, who calls Our Town

"A majestic cloud-cruising city."

Somewhere between these two descriptions lies the real Chicago—the many-faceted Chicago which sits in the middle of America and does much more than butcher America's meat and serve as the apex of our railroad system. Chicago and the Mid-West form one of the important political centers of the United States.

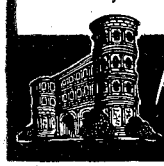
To mirror the political point of view of much of Mid-America, last week I published a book called *The Twenty-Year Revolution* by Chesly Manly, U.N. correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. Manly, a well-informed, veteran newsman, has written a hard-hitting analysis of the revolution which began on March 4, 1933. *The Twenty-Year Revolution* calls for the political realignment which is necessary so that American policy may once again be based on American interest.

Chicago also has the dubious distinction of being the GHQ of the notorious Syndicate—the sinister Crime Cartel which has spread its influence from Chicago to all corners of the U.S. On March 8, we publish a book by Alson J. Smith which he calls *Syndicate City*. Smith shows how the Syndicate began, and, after consolidating its power, penetrated legitimate business everywhere. *Syndicate City* is an indignant expose' of the shame of the nation's second city and offers concrete suggestions as to what an informed citizenry can do about the Crime Cartel.

Chicago doesn't only export pigs and steel – one of its most important exports is books.

THE TWENTY-YEAR REVOLUTION
by Chesly Manly $4.00

SYNDICATE CITY
by Alson J. Smith $4.50



Henry Regnery
CHICAGO

The Saturday Review

MARCH 6, 1954

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TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest column is by Pyke Johnson, Jr., publicity manager of Doubleday & Company, who teaches a "Survey of Book Publishing" at Columbia University.*

THE PLACE WHERE the publishing TRADE WINDS blow loudest and longest is in the pages of the seasonal announcement numbers of *Publishers' Weekly*, leading trade magazine of the book industry. The Spring Announcement number is now at hand, and I have been going through it to learn what is ahead for publishers, booksellers, and readers.

Here, in more than 370 pages of editorial matter, and ads, are to be found the first intimations of the top bestsellers and the critical successes of the next few months—and the contents of the remainder tables of the months beyond. The practised reader of *PW* learns what boasts to discount and what sly hints to heed. When he is through with the Announcement number he understands what John Peck of Farrar, Straus & Young meant when he commented on an earlier issue: "I would like to write a song about it, beginning 'Little White Lies on the Little Brown List'."

Between the first of the year and the end of May around 4,600 books have been announced for publication. Among them are new works by novelists whose past works have been read by millions: "Never Victorious, Never Defeated," by Taylor Caldwell; "Mary Anne," by Daphne du Maurier; "Royal Box," by Frances Parkinson Keyes; "The Magicians," by J. B. Priestley; "Spider King," by Lawrence Schoonover; "The Gipsy in the Parlor," by Margery Sharp; and "Sweet Thursday," by John Steinbeck.

NOT REPRESENTED with a new book this season is Erskine Caldwell, whose previous volumes have sold millions of copies under the New American Library imprint. Bill Maner, former book editor of *The Times-Dispatch* of Richmond and a first cousin of Caldwell's, has passed on to me a remark their mutual grandmother made about Cousin Erskine which has long been treasured in the family. The old lady was a passionate admirer of Queen Victoria and also an avid reader of history and biography. Her comment when her grandson sent her a copy of "God's Little Acre" was: "I hope he'll come to his senses and write a biography of Edward VII."

Erskine Caldwell hasn't yet got around to this biography, but royalty, especially that of Great Britain, is well represented on spring lists. Books on British royalty should sell well down South this year, according to Eldon Roark, whose lively daily column in the *Memphis Press-Scimitar* often contains some pointed and

shrewd comments on books. Roark has pointed out that Queen Elizabeth concluded her Christmas speech from New Zealand with "I thank you all from a full heart. God bless you all." Writes Roark: "Spoken like a daughter of the South, if ever I heard one."

I HADN'T MEANT to get on the subject of England, but since I'm there I would like to say a word about "Here's England," by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten. Even though it is incomplete and in part out of date, it is still the best personal guidebook to England. Miss McKenney is particularly interested in cathedrals and singles out for special praise the guidebook to Wells Cathedral. Showing publishing alertness worthy of the sales promotion staff of Random House, the officials of the Cathedral have printed her blurb and pasted it over the pile of books on the verger's table.

On the other hand, a rather surprising example of British confusion of literary tradition can be seen in Lyme Regis, where someone has torn down Jane Austen's house and replaced it with a tearoom named "Alice in Wonderland." We would have done better in this country, I am sure: built a hotel named "PersuasInn" and put a "Mansfield Park-ing Lot" around back.

A British home which has lasted nearly four centuries is the fictional one that serves as the setting for the novel by Norah Lofts, "Bless This House," a Literary Guild selection for April. It deals with the people who live in the house during various eras, and when the Guild asked Miss Lofts if she had attempted to preserve the dialogue of each period she made

"... a temperate, scholarly and persuasive reply to Paul Blanshard."
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By James M. O'Neill

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in *Christian Herald*

"... accuses Mr. Blanshard of almost every sort of misbehavior possible in what purports to be a seriously scholarly book *(American Freedom and Catholic Power)*. Having made these charges, Mr. O'Neill seems to this reviewer to have proved them up to the hilt."
—BERNARD IDDINGS BELL
in *The Commonweal*

"Certainly every person who is making use of Mr. Blanshard's book owes it to himself and those he seeks to influence to lay Mr. O'Neill's reply ... along side it."—F. ERNEST JOHNSON
in *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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a reply which might well be inserted into the Constitution of the International Society of Historical Novelists: "I hate period talk. These people talked so that they understood one another. I make them talk so that we understand them. The point is that

communication should be established. I avoid, of course, anyone's referring to a combustion engine! But I equally avoid anyone's referring to his halidom!"

AS JOHN BARKHAM recently reported in this space [TRADE WINDS, *SR* Feb. 13], there's a big trend in the spring lists to books about Africa. A smaller trend would seem to be in books about the Restoration Rakes. Crown has a biography by Charles Norman called "Rake Rochester" and Farrar, Straus & Young has another by John Harold Wilson titled "A Rake and His Times." Doubtless, one or the other of these will end up in the garden section of some harassed bookseller.

Another small trend involves typewriters. Heaven knows how many books there will be *in* typewriters this spring, but there will definitely be two *on* typewriters, both coming in May.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 559

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 559 will be found in the next issue.

VHE JUFT ZTVZ PHRX PHD

ZTUHF TVJ ADDH RDHZ

ZP XPKZT VHE VFD UH

BPQQPH—EUJBPHZDHZ.

—QVZZTDM VNHPRE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 558
No one can build his security upon the nobleness of another person. —Willa Cather.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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BERNARD DeVOTO
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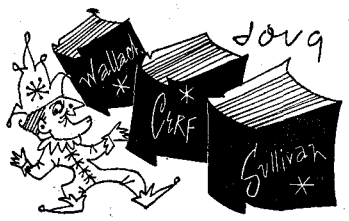
Bruce Bliven, Jr. has written "The Wonderful Writing Machine" for Random House, while Richard N. Current has done "The Typewriter and the Men Who Made It" for the University of Illinois Press.

There are also two books dealing with the Milwaukee Braves, a baseball team. Harold Kaese and R. G. Lynch have done one for Putnam with the team's name as title, while Barnes has Tom Meany's "Milwaukee's Miracle Braves." An old Senator fan myself (could there be a young one?), I am pleased to see that Putnam has a book on the Washington Senators by Shirley Povich of the *Washington Post*. Personally, I've always ranked Povich at the top of sports columnists, even ahead of Red Smith. But for those who would like to argue the point Knopf has a new volume of Smith's columns due in May.

AT LEAST THREE WELL-KNOWN humorists will have books this spring. Ira Wallach has a successor to "Hopalong-Freud," which he calls "Gutenberg's



Folly." Frank Sullivan has produced "Sullivan Bites News," with caricatures by Sam Berman. And television's Bergen Evans, who is an author and teacher on the side, has edited the collected volume of "The World, The Flesh, and H. Allen Smith."

Meanwhile the regular occupant of this post, Bennett Cerf, is working on "An Encyclopedia of American Humor," which will include poetry, prose, songs, and articles arranged according to sections of the country. It will run to more than 700 pages and Hanover House will publish it next fall.

And while we are on humor, *Publishers' Weekly* reports great interest in its list of Books with Cheerful Endings, which originated with the Brook-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1040)

A. S. MEHDEVI:
PERSIAN ADVENTURE

"Taroof" can best be translated as "ceremonial politeness". . . . But how is a stranger to evaluate? The ramifications of taroof are like the steps of a variable minuet. Anyone who isn't familiar with the figures . . . will be left facing the wrong way, his hand out.

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"ISAIAH BERLIN . . . *possesses the gift, beyond all other historians of thought, to make ideas exciting.*"
—THE LISTENER

The publication of *The Hedgehog and the Fox*, a new work by the almost legendary ISAIAH BERLIN, of All Souls College, Oxford, is a matter of particular pride to your correspondents. Twelve years ago they published *The Inner Sanctum Edition* of the book that MR. BERLIN's book is about: TOLSTOY's *War and Peace*.

To help celebrate the advent of *The Hedgehog and the Fox* as an event in the world of letters, your correspondents invoke the wisdom of two experts, BLAISE PASCAL and RALPH WALDO EMERSON who, being duly sworn, testify as follows:

"As knowledge advances, it can be put into little books." —PASCAL

"Few things need more philosophy than the study of history, for it is not safe to look long on these turning wheels, lest we grow giddy."
—EMERSON

In this spirit prospectors in search of intellectual treasure will welcome *The Hedgehog and the Fox* — a book whose weight (it's a mere 86 pages) is as a feather, but whose specific gravity is that of pure gold.

The Hedgehog and the Fox is the work of one of England's best furnished, most civilized minds: a distinguished don who is acclaimed by many contemporaries (including WINSTON CHURCHILL and BERNARD BERENSON) as one of the great conversationalists and teachers of our generation. In his new book he discourses brilliantly on the meaning of history, and in particular on TOLSTOY's view of history as seen in *War and Peace*.

The question posed is this: *why do events, the record of which we call history, occur as they do? Is all chaos and accident? Or is there some unifying principle which can explain the immense variety of human actions on a battlefield or in the history of a nation?*

In illuminating TOLSTOY's struggles with this eternal question, ISAIAH BERLIN begins with this "Talmudic" epigram from the Greek poet ARCHILOCHUS:

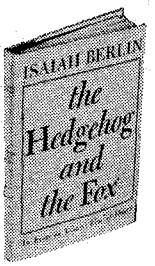
"The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing."

Without pressing the metaphor beyond its value, MR. BERLIN divides the world's great geniuses into the hedgehogs* who see life in terms of some unitary inner vision and the foxes** who observe the contradictions and variety of the world. He shows how TOLSTOY's philosophy of history stems from this paradox: although the great author of *War and Peace* was himself a splendid fox, he strained and hungered all his life to be a hedgehog.

Your correspondents' paraphrasing does scant justice to the lucidity and learning of *The Hedgehog and the Fox*. The *London Times* calls the book brilliant. The critic for the British (B.B.C.) weekly, *The Listener* says, "it seems to me the most important study of TOLSTOY's thought written in English for a long time . . . BERLIN possesses the gift, beyond all other historians of thought, to make ideas exciting." And *The New York Times Book Review's* critic writes:

"Not only does Mr. Berlin command all the materials of erudition, literary and philosophical, for his task, but he has a deep and subtle feeling for the puzzle of Tolstoy's personality, and he writes with a wonderful eloquence. This will, I am sure, take its place amid the permanent literature about Tolstoy."

To all who have read and loved *War and Peace*, to all who are susceptible to the pleasures of the mind, your correspondents commend *The Hedgehog and the Fox* by ISAIAH BERLIN. (Just out, $2.50). An intoxicating draught for those who prefer some thinking with their reading and some wisdom with their wit.



Readers of this column are invited to send your correspondents a list of five hedgehogs and five foxes (other than those in the footnote). In the context of ISAIAH BERLIN's definition as indicated above, each of the ten nominations is to be defended in not more than two typewritten lines. The ten writers of the most provocative entries will receive as prizes free copies of the first American edition of *The Hedgehog and the Fox*. Submissions must be received before March 20th by THE INNER SANCTUM, Simon and Schuster, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

—ESSANDESS

*HEDGEHOGS: *Dante, Plato, Ibsen, Proust*
**FOXES: *Aristotle, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Joyce*

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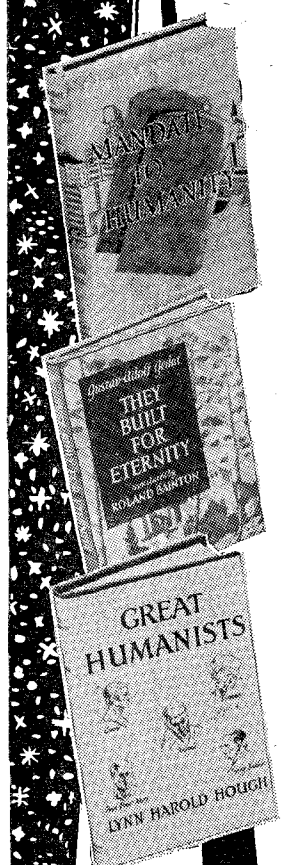

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By Carlyle Marney • Ten graphic pictures of the age we live in — distinctive in form, dynamic in content, unforgettable in spiritual impact. An understanding young preacher writes of the thoughts and needs of people in all walks of life, and of his conviction that Christ is the answer for frustrated lives. *$2*

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lyn Public Library and was reprinted in *PW*. It looks as though a new literary classification is in the making, and for its title I suggest "Nonfriction."

ONE OF THE BIG PUBLISHING events of the season will be the appearance of "The New Century Cyclopedia of Names," a three-volume work to be published by Appleton-Century-Crofts. Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart, the work contains over 100,000 proper names, including persons, places, fictional characters, and many others. Barnhart, who is the editor of the Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionaries, is reported to have turned down the suggestion made by Appleton's Eleanor Nichols that he dramatize his dictionary. She thought it would make a wonderful play on words.

OTHER PUFFS from *PW*'s Cave of the Winds: Aubrey Menen, whose "Prevalence of Witches" was one of the wittiest and wisest books of recent years, has retold in modern prose one of the great Hindu epics, "The Ramayana" (Scribner's). . . . Coward McCann has a book called "Tattersalls." Fred Murray of Permabooks has already made a bid for the vest-pocket rights. . . . William Michelfelder of the New York *World Telegram & Sun* has a first novel, "A Seed Upon the Wind" (Bobbs-Merrill). . . . Most questionable title on any list: "Inquiry Into Inquiries" (Beacon Press). . . . Most intriguing titles: "Creep Into Thy Narrow Bed" (Dial), "Dan'l Boone Kissed Me" (Dutton), "My Husband Keeps Telling me to Go to Hell" (Hanover), and "Nothing Is Dripping on Us" (Little, Brown). . . . Most interesting "how to" book: "Winemaking at Home" (Wilfred Funk), which should be fun to watch through the press. . . . Most surprising book to turn up in the year of Columbia University's bicentennial: "Hail Columbia" (Macmillan). It's the story of the Grand Coulee Dam. . . . Most intriguing announcement: the note in the Simon & Schuster ad that Ira Wilfert's early novel, "An Act of Love," has been "completely retold" and "re-created as a new and separate work". . . . Most specialized book: "Portraits of Keats" (World), 100 pictures of the poet. . . . Most interesting American debut: "The Maids and Deathwatch" (Grove), two plays by Jean Gênet, *enfant terrible* of French literature, who was saved from life imprisonment, after his tenth conviction for theft, only through the intervention of France's most prominent writers. . . . Most appropriate wedding of author and title: "New Green World," by Josephine Herbst (Hastings). —PYKE JOHNSON, JR.

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 6, 1954

Memories of a Wall Street Suburb

By VAN WYCK BROOKS

America's foremost literary historian, author of the five-volume "Makers and Finders," "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and other widely read books, describes here the scene of his earliest memories. This article is drawn from Mr. Brooks's "Scenes and Portraits," to be published next week by E. P. Dutton.

MY earliest friend, Maxwell Perkins, my lifelong friend, used to say that every man has a novel in him. The idea was not originally his—it was, in fact, a commonplace—but, being a man of character, he made it his; and I always felt that he might have written a first-rate novel himself if he had ranged over his own life. He was in his way a novelist born, but instead of developing this bent in himself he devoted his intuitive powers to the development of others, leaving his mark, as everyone knows, on the fiction of his time and the work of some of its best writers. As for myself, I have never wished to write a novel. But the scenes and characters of my younger days have come to seem to me like a novel that I read long ago, and I have often thought of reviving that novel.

I was born in February 1886, in the unloved state of New Jersey. That, like all other states, this had its lovers I only became aware in later days; for the "old Jersey element," as I heard it called when I was a boy, was remote from the little world in which I grew up. Our families were in it but not of it—they were inveterate New Yorkers whose local affections and pride were invested elsewhere and who lived for generations there without becoming naturalized, any more than the inveterate Philadelphians across the state. The old Jersey element had fixed immemorial ways of its own that were thought of as generally narrow, provincial, and dull, while the newcomers had brought with them not only a current of world life but a mind that was more complex and more aggressive. The suburbs were all theirs and the fulness thereof; and, as their interests and loyalties were otherwise engaged, the state had become a prey to all manner of abuses. Yet its history had been honorable in the days of the Boudinots and Captain Lawrence, the young man who said, "Don't give up the ship." There lived John Woolman and Philip Freneau, there Fenimore Cooper was born, like Stephen Crane and Randolph Bourne still later; and various eighteenth-century New Yorkers had sent their sons to school there to learn to speak pure English undefiled. Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had studied as boys in Elizabeth, and the poet Shelley's grandfather had been a merchant in Newark, where Sir Bysshe Shelley, the merchant's son, was born. But the two great cities that flanked the state on east and west had as it were depolarized the New Jersey mind.

My native town was Plainfield, a name that used to mortify me in my hyperesthetic youth, for it struck me as naive; and I was greatly relieved when I found that the name of Tolstoy's place, Yasnaya Polyana, meant the same thing in Russian. My grandfather Ames had gone out there in 1869, to be near his office in New York, building the brown stucco house with spreading verandahs and a mansard roof in which I spent the first

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years of my childhood. For my father and mother soon abandoned the smaller house with the mansard roof in which they had set up housekeeping after their marriage and lived with my mother's parents from that time forward, moving after my grandfather died into a new house on the edge of the town that was not without some slight architectural pretensions. This was the largish yellow brick house in which my formative years were passed and which was later characterized as "colonial outside, baronial inside" by one of the friends of our circle who passed for a wit. For the house fell at last into more affluent hands, and the new owners doubled its size and plastered it with the panels and doors of an ancient English manorhouse they had bought from the Duveens. By that time too the old picket fences had been stripped away on all the streets, with the beds of canna lilies and the cast-iron fountains, the monumental urns and painted deer-hounds, and the quiet Quaker village where Woolman had preached in the meeting-house had become a full-blown Wall Street suburb. Even the name of Peace Street had vanished forever.

I LITTLE realized as a child the dramatic events that were taking place in the outwardly tranquil dwellings of our friends and neighbors so many of whom were involved in the operations of that savage and lawless epoch of American finance. The trusts were in those days being formed, oil was spouting from Western lands, and the country seemed to be drunk with a passion for riches, but, as money was never spoken of, it could scarcely have occurred to us that some of these neighbors were financial buccaneers and brigands. Nor did we ever think to ask why their wives, our mothers' friends, spent so much of their time in darkened rooms, seated in Bath chairs, attended by nurses, the victims of "nervous prostration," the secrets of which the Freudians had not yet exposed. I was always instructed to walk on tiptoe through the dim corridors of one such house with which my mother was often in communication, delivering my messages to the nurse without whom this friend of our household never thought of stirring out of doors. That this was a kind of strategic protest against her husband's double life I did not become aware for many years, and I even doubt if the lady in question knew quite *how* double this life was, though she certainly knew it was far from straight or simple. Everyone was aware in time that he had escaped a prison term only because his brother had become a bondsman for him, while he had an unauthorized family somewhere else; but this was after his big steam-yacht had been swept away, as he had swept away the savings of his coachman and his servants. For years a professional "capitalist," as he called himself in *Who's Who*, he had sat in the seats of the mighty, with a whole floor at the Waldorf, and when my mother went with his family to Cuba they were received at Havana like traveling princes. For the capitalist had financed the new waterworks there, and the cardinal in person showed them the ashes of Columbus, which had not yet been transferred to Santo Domingo. But when the blow fell one could only admire the code of sporting ethics with which he and his wife played the game, reduced as they were to living in three or four rented rooms with a few remnants of silver and one good old portrait. *He* found a small clerical job in the town—the *ne plus ultra* of humiliation—and walked home at the day's end with a leg of mutton under his arm and a fresh carnation still in his buttonhole. *She*, moreover, after spending years fanned, like the Pope, in her invalid's chair, rose with zest and cooked the leg of mutton. Both had an air of happiness and confidence at last.

One could tell many another tale of what a French writer might have described as the grandeurs and miseries of Wall Street in this age of buccaneering, the story of another friend, for instance, a much more famous financier who had been known as one of the "Big Four." Ruined by underestimating the cost of a great municipal enterprise which he had financed in New York, he was finally obliged to retire to a Harlem hall-bedroom, but, with a small pension from Pierpont Morgan and a membership in his college club, he cheerfully played the game in reminiscence. He liked to recall his old battles on the Exchange in Broad Street and how, on a certain afternoon between two and four o'clock, he had conjured out of E. H. Harriman three-quarters of a million. At another time he had put together all the locomotive plants and organized the Locomotive Trust. It was his office in which my father had a small post towards the end of his life, after vainly endeavoring to survive as an independent broker, a work for which he was ill equipped as I would be myself, for he had no competitive instinct whatsoever. How many other ups and downs, not to say scandals, we heard of, muffled as they were in the reports that reached our ears—for one, the descent, like an empire falling, of a certain conspicuous family we knew when the head of the house was convicted as an embezzler and absconder. Then there was the neighbor with the cherry orchard, a lover of children—and we all loved him—who vanished, as we gathered, into prison; and another family that blossomed out with governess-carts, tandems, grooms, liveried footmen, and a tally-ho that also vanished—whither? Vast red sandstone houses rose, like so many Kenilworth castles, with turrets, verandahs, balconies, and porte-cochères, with arches, fountains, coach-houses, kennels, and stables, and with sons who had an air of owning all creation and whose thoughts and talk were entirely about yachting and coaching. Pathetic these boys were destined to be, how often, when they

(*Continued on page* 55)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SO YOU'VE READ ROBINSON CRUSOE!

A. C. Palmer of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, offers ten questions requiring for their resolution a somewhat intimate knowledge of "Robinson Crusoe." If you can get five correct answers, you should feel proud; six, prouder; seven or better, you have just read the book again to find out. Answers on page 54.

1. Where was Crusoe's island?
2. What animals did Crusoe save from the ship?
3. What books did he bring ashore from the ship?
4. How many trips to the ship did he make?
5. Crusoe spent months making a boat. Why was it wasted labor?
6. How long had Crusoe been on the island when he saw the footprint in the sand?
7. How much longer before Friday came?
8. How many years more before Crusoe left the island?
9. What relics did Crusoe carry away from the island?
10. Why was Friday so named?

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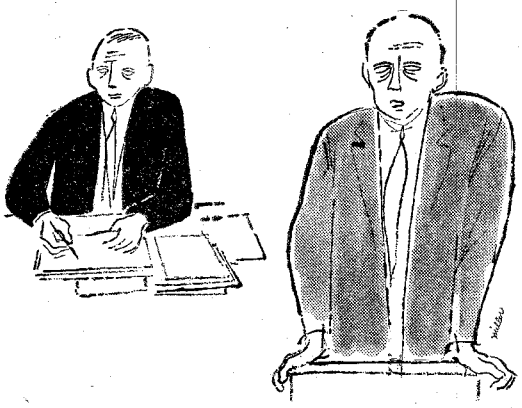

THE LOST ART OF ORATORY

Some suggestions for reviving the lost art of oratory are put forward by a writer who believes that the art well deserves a new lease on life. Max Eastman has been active in American literary life for four decades, both as author and editor, with a shelf of books to his credit that includes "The Enjoyment of Poetry" and "The Enjoyment of Laughter."

By MAX EASTMAN

YOU rarely hear a man described as an orator these days. We pay tribute to Demosthenes and Cicero, to Patrick Henry and Daniel Webster; but if warned that somebody is going to "orate," we run not walk to the nearest exit. There is wisdom in this, if "orate" means to spout. None of the great orators ever spouted, but there *aren't* any great orators left. The very idea of oratory, in these busy and businesslike times, is dying out.

Oratory at its best is a dramatic art; it is the art of speaking lines you have written and acting the part of yourself. It might be revived, it seems to me, if the factors hostile to it were recognized.

Chief among them, perhaps, is the microphone. I remember when this mechanical drag was first attached to me. I was lecturing in the Sinai Temple in Chicago, a vast cavern of a place, which, like a giant's mouth, possesses excellent acoustics. I walk around a good deal when talking to an audience; I want to talk to them all. But this time the chairman had planted me in front of an iron post quite a little way off to one side of the lectern. I stood there obediently for a while, and then forgetting myself walked over to the other side. The chairman stepped briskly up behind me, seized my shoulders, and to the amusement of the audience led me back to the microphone. Pretty soon I forgot again, and found myself leaning over the lectern. Again the chairman seized my shoulders and brought me back. When it happened a third time the audience was hilarious, and I said into the microphone:

"Demosthenes declared that there were three essentials of good oratory: action—and action—and action—and you're losing all three of them!"

The next time I forgot myself the chairman did not come after me. But the triumph was temporary. The microphone had come to stay.

Robert Ingersoll, whom Henry Ward Beecher described as "the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue of all men on this globe," used to start talking the minute he emerged from the wings, and he would have the audience in his arms—not the palm of his hands!—by the time he reached the center of the stage. He traveled back and forth as he talked, and if he ran into a speaker's stand he would pick it up and carry it out of the way of his motion. Walt Whitman described him as "tremendously, almost lethargically forceful, like a law of nature." Imagine tying a man like that to a hitching post!

It is not only the delivery of a speech that is killed by this modern invention, but the preparation of it. Nobody is going to memorize an oration in order to stand stockstill and recite it into a microphone. He might just as well read it. And since he is only going to read it, why should he bother to write it? Let somebody else write the essay according to his specifications. That is what a large part of our political oratory has come down to in this day of the nationwide broadcast. Our second president, John Adams, in recommending to Congress the setting up of an academy for "correcting, improving and ascertaining the English language," said: "The constitutions of all the states are so democratical that eloquence will become the instrument for recommending men to their fellow-citizens, the principal means of advancement through the various ranks and offices of society." Our sixth president, John Quincy Adams, was for a time a professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard. Daniel Webster's orations have been described as holding a place in the early history of our country similar to that of the Homeric poems in the history of ancient Greece. How far we have traveled from those resounding days!

A more subtle foe of great oratory, especially in America, is our "inspirational" conception of it. We imagine that a great speech is caused by some mysterious afflatus that descends into a man from on high—or ascends into him from his "Unconscious." Many will object to my statement that oratory at its best is written out and learned by heart. And yet this is obvious from the fact that speeches of the great orators have been preserved to us throughout history. There were no stenographers in Athens to take down what Demosthenes said. And Cicero himself declared that "careful and assiduous composition . . . is the true source of the admiration and applause that is bestowed on eminent speakers."

TO jump a long way across the ages, Mark Twain said the same thing: "A person who is to make a speech at any time or anywhere on any topic whatever owes it to himself and to his audience to write the speech out and memorize it." He once attended a dinner where he was supposed to speak, and when his turn came got up and said that he had written and learned a speech, but was so tired out that he couldn't remember a word of it. With that candid apology he sat down.

All the great orators have had a gift for remembering words like that of a musician for remembering music. When Daniel Webster was a boy his teacher held up one Saturday morning a shiny new jackknife and promised it to the boy who would commit the most Bible verses to memory by Monday. Daniel came back Monday

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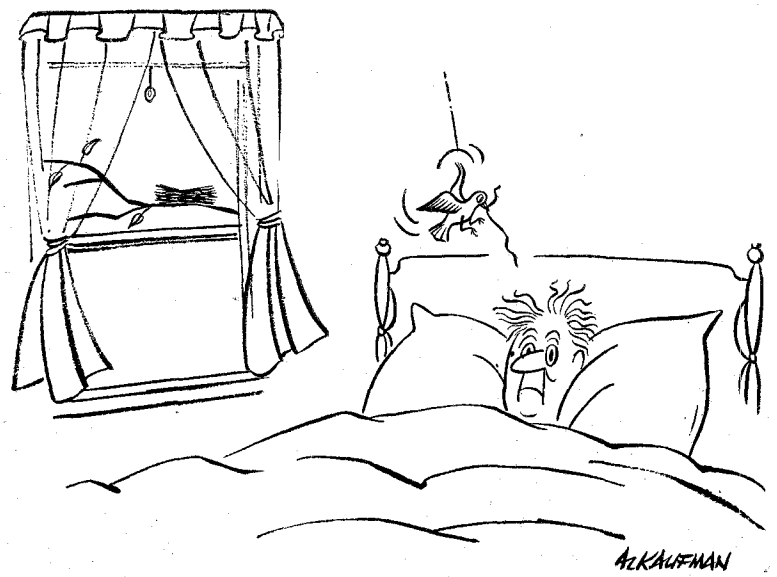

and rattled off seventy verses before the astonished teacher handed him the jackknife—much to Daniel's disgust, for he still had several chapters to go.

The story is told that once when he had delivered a short speech in the Senate, winding up with a magnificent peroration, an admirer asked him how he could think up such language on the spur of the moment. Webster drew out of his pocket a piece of notepaper on which the peroration had been neatly written out in advance.

BLISS PERRY tells how Wendell Phillips once delivered a lecture at Harvard, "leaning gracefully on the desk and talking for an hour and fifty minutes as though he were extemporizing." So perfectly did he create the illusion of spontaneity that everybody in the audience was deceived except President Eliot, who had with him a copy of the speech, and noted that Phillips did not depart from it by a syllable.

This is significant because Phillips was famous as an extemporaneous speaker. His prepared speeches were brilliant and resounding like gunfire in the night, but his handling of hecklers was as memorable. Once in an argument for woman suffrage he remarked that we have no right to hang a citizen who has not a voice in making the law. Someone in the audience called out: "Have we a right to hang Negroes?" Phillips jumped to the attack with these rapidly spoken words: "I will tell you just the difference between the man who asked that question and the Negro who was sold yesterday in the Carolinas. The man in the Carolinas is black outside; the questioner is black inside. [Laughter and applause.] The man in the Carolinas has a black face; the questioner has a black heart. [Applause and cries of "good, good."] The man in the Carolinas takes a box six feet by three and is nailed up within it, and, at the risk of his life, rides 400 miles on the railway to a free state, because he values liberty like a man; and the questioner, if he had been born a slave, would have cowered like a spaniel and rotted to death like a dog." [Tumultuous applause.]

Only a man who had trained himself by "careful and assiduous composition" could rise on the spur of the moment to such heights as Phillips did. Of this he was evidently aware, for he wrote and learned his speeches whenever he had time. He knew what Cicero again pointed out: that when the occasion for impromptu speech arises, if the main discourse has been carefully composed, its style has a momentum that will carry the orator forward with the same eloquence, "just as a boat moving at high speed keeps her course and motion when the oarsmen rest on their oars."

Abraham Lincoln wrote out his addresses, John Hay tells us, from the age of fifteen, when he made them to the "nodding corn rows and the stolid pumpkins that lay between them." "His memory was exceedingly retentive," says his law-partner, Herndon. "He could write out a speech, as in the Cooper Institute speech, and repeat it word for word without any effort. This I know about the 'house divided against itself' speech; he wrote that fine effort . . . in slips, put those slips in his hat, numbering them, and when he was done with the ideas, gathered up the scraps, put them in the right order and wrote out his speech, read it to me before it was delivered, and in the evening delivered it just as written without notes."

WINSTON CHURCHILL is our sole surviving orator and comes near to being a great one, although his voice lacks resonance. Like Daniel Webster, Churchill won a prize as a schoolboy with a feat of memory, astonishing his teacher by reciting 1,200 lines of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" without an error. He built up to the great war speeches by taking infinite pains with his speeches in the House of Commons, "sometimes working on them as long as six weeks," his friend and biographer Virginia Cowles tells us; and "he always wrote them out and learned them by heart." (She adds that once a speech was ready to be delivered he took care that the newspapers received a copy in advance, and the editors often were surprised to see that the author had confidently punctuated his script with "cheers.")

People who dread to memorize a speech for fear they will forget it and break down may comfort themselves with the fact that some of the greatest orators in history have broken down. John Pym, the great orator of the English revolution, lost the track of his argument and shuffled miserably and fumbled among his papers, in the greatest speech of his career, if not of English history—the one in which he cried (with the king himself present): "Shall it be treason to embase the king's coin, though but a piece of sixpence, and not a greater treason to embase the spirit of his subjects, to set a stamp and character of servitude upon them?"

Winston Churchill broke down and quit altogether in what was to have been the critical speech of his early career in the Commons. This breakdown occurred in 1904 in the speech which was to make known his departure from the Conservative Party, his going over to the Liberals. "It lies with the Government," he cried in a climax, "to satisfy the working classes that there is no justification . . ." He paused, hesitated, then began the sentence again, but the words would not come. "It lies with them . . . What?" he ejaculated to someone who suggested a word. But it was the wrong word. He lifted a slip of paper from the bench but the cue was not there. He searched the deep pockets of his frock coat but found no help. A neighbor picked up torn scraps of paper from the floor, but the words were not there either. It was all over. He sat down murmuring thanks to the House for its kindness.

This might seem an argument against learning speeches by heart, but the cause was opposite to that. Churchill was trying for the first time to give up memorizing and deliver a speech from notes on which his paragraph headings were written. Thereafter he combined the two methods, and arrived at what, to my thinking,

(*Continued on page* 36)

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The Brain's Integers

"Power of Words," by Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler Chase *(Harcourt, Brace. 308 pp. $3.95), continues the exploration into semantics and the arts of communication begun in "Tyranny of Words." Quincy Howe, who reviews it here, is a news commentator for the American Broadcasting Company and associate professor of journalism and communications at the University of Illinois.*

By Quincy Howe

STUART CHASE has once again brought the lucidity of the journalist to bear on a field where modern man has begun to reap what modern science has sown. Yale has a "School of Human Relations," Illinois a "Division of Communications," with which I have had the honor to be associated these past four years. But "human relations" and "communications" are Humpty-Dumpty words which mean what those who appropriate them choose them to mean. Custom, tradition, and discipline have endowed colleges of agriculture, medicine, and law; schools of music, architecture, and commerce; departments of chemistry, history, and fine arts, with specific purposes and characters. But what of that new field of study to which the word "communication" is now applied?

Stuart Chase is well qualified to reconnoiter and report on this strange and limitless countryside. Over the years, he has developed a unique skill in expounding to the literate but uninformed some of the mysteries of economics, politics, anthropology, and, in his "The Tyranny of Words," semantics. "Power of Words" recapitulates and develops some of the material that appeared in his earlier work on semantics, but it is chiefly devoted to spreading what Mr. Chase himself describes as a tent over the five-ring communications circus.

"Every living creature," writes Mr. Chase, "is a kind of communication box, a walkie-talkie machine, sending and giving signals, both conscious and automatic, continuously throughout his life. If the box fails, he will not long survive. Man shares this apparatus with other creatures, but his box has the special attachment of language." Defining man as a "talking animal," Mr. Chase draws upon the studies of neurologists to show that man's nervous system, brain cells, and organs of speech are tied together in a communications network that makes the most intricate man-made computer look as simple as an abacus.

Communications experts agree with those psychologists who have long asserted that man does not make use of more than a small fraction of his latent capacities. But words have as much power over man as man has over words. "Language shapes thought," writes Mr. Chase as he compares English with Chinese. He cites the recent monograph by a Chinese writer, Chang Tun-sun, who makes the point that the Western verb "to be," used with an adjective predicate, implies that the adjective has an independent existence. When we say something is yellow and hard, we assume that two qualities of yellowness and hardness possess a "cosmic substance." As Chang says: "The substance is characterized by its attributes, and its attributes are attributed to the substance." English-speaking peoples, indeed all who use one of the Indo-European languages, including the various Slavic dialects, therefore tend to see the world in blacks and whites whereas Chinese see shades of gray.

IT IS perhaps too much to hope that the Chinese language will forever protect the Chinese from accepting the black-and-white propositions of Karl Marx. But must we also assume that Western man must, by the same token, remain forever the slave of his habits of speech? It is no reflection upon Stuart Chase's journalistic or intellectual competence to report that in his zeal to do justice to the subject, he succumbs to some of the same kind of zeal that animates the people whose work he describes. Quite the reverse. His skill and enthusiasm in his chosen field of exposition bring the material he discusses to life. He speaks for most addicts of the new communications cult when he writes: "Much, if not most, of the pain and misery in the world today can be laid to the

THE AUTHOR: Economics, a subject at odds with lucidity, has been coaxed into comprehension over the years by the vigorous prose of Stuart Chase, a New Englander of sixty-five, who started out as a Harvard *cum laude* in '10, became a CPA in Boston during World War I, switched to investigating the meat-packing industry for Washington in the immediate postwar years, then switched to critic and expositor of the social scene, which he has been ever since. As such, Chase is pro and con lots of things; he is particularly con the tragedy of waste, which, as it happens, is the title of his first major book, published in 1925. Chase has been writing since, clarifying and popularizing such subjects as "Prosperity—Fact or Myth," "Rich Land, Poor Land," and "Idle Money, Idle Men." Back in 1939, Chase outlined his personal philosophy along with other "eminent men and women of our time" in a book called "I Believe." "To me," he wrote, "it seems that I tend to be guided in conscious decisions by four criteria: 1. That I am a creature of this earth; 2. That I am a member of a human group; 3. That it is meaningless to judge other members of the group until the biological and psychological facts are in; and 4. That progress depends, not on revealed authority, not on ethics and morals, which shift with the folkways, but on using the scientific attitude in social as well as in physical affairs." His newest book, "Power of Words," started out as a revision of "The Tyranny of Words," which appeared in 1938, but so much fresh tyranny had since been amassed that the result was a full-length sequel. Athletic, lean, of medium height, Chase is fond of warming up for writing by skiing, chopping wood, and hiking. "He'll alternate desk work and outdoor work," Mrs. Chase divulged the other day at their rebuilt barn in Georgetown, Conn. "He'll write a couple of hours, then go outdoors to clear his head. It's a pretty good system." Chase himself was outdoors at the moment, scanning the snowy hills before departing for a West Indies vacation.

—BERNARD KALB.

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misinterpretation of signals, rather than to the stern interpositions of nature." He describes "the melancholy career of Hitler" as "unthinkable without radio," and declares that "McCarthyism would never have got off the ground without popular unrest, and without the newspapers, radio, and TV."

Like most zealots, the communications addicts mistake results for causes and, true to their own analysis, have created a new and secret language at which certain professors, pollsters, and advertising men are becoming adept. The chemist deals with an established science, the sociologist with an emerging science, the communications expert has only just begun to fight for his place in the academic sun. Sometimes he seems to claim all human knowledge as his province; at other times he stakes out limited fields to which he nevertheless assigns unlimited significance.

Communications, of course, plays an essential part in our complex culture. So does transportation. But radio cannot be isolated from the other media of communication any more than the automobile can be isolated from other forms of transportation. And modern communications and modern transportation are the creations of modern science—just as modern science is the creation of the human race and of the world we humans inhabit. Surely the "stern interpositions of nature" play as large and vital a role in that world as in the world of the cave man, and something more than a glorified TV repairman is needed to change that world.

FOR what concerns Stuart Chase and all those communications experts whose work he cites is how to change and improve ourselves and the world we live in. The first step toward changing this world is to understand it, and "Power of Words" opens some new avenues in that direction. It is not the fault of the book, the author, or the subject if these avenues do not lead to the heart of our present quandaries, but rather to their surface manifestations. Like certain recent tracts on the significance of atomic power, this tract on the power of words not only gives a vivid picture of some of the newer miracles of modern science; it also reminds us what a piece of work is man. But it tells us more of man's handiwork than of man himself.

Because Stuart Chase is himself a writer, he is at his best when he talks shop and describes how he composes an article, using his knowledge of semantics to clear his mind and organize his material. Yet what interests the reader most of all is not the method but the man, and one suspects that the secret of Stuart Chase's writing ability does not lie in the power of the words he uses but in his power over them—and over himself. Certainly the researches that went into this book helped to sharpen his style as well as widen his understanding—and his readers will be correspondingly rewarded. But the great virtue of "Power of Words" is the common sense and optimism of its author. Unfortunately, these traditional American qualities seem to be going out of style, and even Mr. Chase does not quite convince us that most of the communications experts he admires know how to bring them back.

The Precincts of Knowing

"Man's Unconquerable Mind," by Gilbert Highet *(Columbia University Press. 138 pp. $2.75), is a scholar's statement of the powers and limitations of knowledge for the human race. Here it is reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones, professor of English at Harvard University.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

PROFESSOR GILBERT HIGHET'S little book, "Man's Unconquerable Mind," is a "personal interpretation of the bicentennial theme of Columbia University: 'Man's right to knowledge and the free use thereof'." It is a generalized discussion falling into two divisions: the powers of knowledge and the limits of knowledge, a third part, entitled "dedication" forming a sort of coda for the whole. The style seems to indicate that the book or parts of the book are intended as public speech and have perhaps been delivered as lectures or as discourses in the general radio program connected with the celebration. However, this is inference on the part of your present reviewer.

Gilbert Highet—"moving and eloquent."

Professor Highet is versatile and learned, and his pages are bound to be of interest to the large general public that believes in education without quite comprehending the governing philosophy in the field. Mr. Highet inevitably raises more questions than he answers, and I can but wish that he had paused in his rhetorical sweep to deal more directly and richly with some of these problems.

For example, he states that "by fairly general consent" limitations are imposed upon knowledge. These limitations can be reduced to a single principle: namely, "that knowledge must not be used to hurt human beings; and the difficulty is to determine which human beings we must endeavor to serve and to protect." That knowledge should be used to help and not hurt human beings is something most of us cheerfully grant; but the only answer Mr. Highet vouchsafes to the difficult problem of determining "which human beings we must endeavor to serve and protect" is the statement: "We must think of all humanity." This, however, does not essentially alter his previous assertion. In a very general sense it can be said, I suppose, that even the study of topology has to do with "all humanity," but this, surely, is to avoid the real question: how much, and what parts of practicable knowledge are both possible and desirable towards the training of citizens in this republic in the year 1954? Mr. Highet is moving and eloquent, but he is, inevitably, the victim of the cosmic sweep to which the theme and the occasion commit him.

The virtue of his book is, then, to create an emotional atmosphere, a climate of opinion favorable to the study of some of the problems he touches upon. We may well turn elsewhere for detailed and careful analysis of these problems. Meanwhile Mr. Highet, in moving from the Book of Job to Noel Coward, and from "Antigone" to TV, demonstrates that scholarship is no longer confined to the library.

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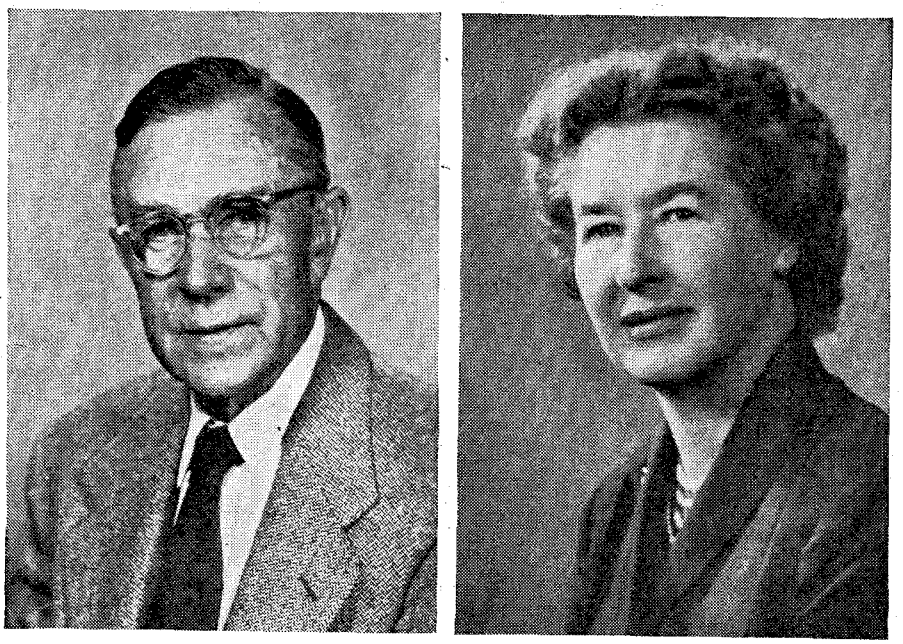

The Overstreets—"a firm grasp of modern psychological knowledge."

Kind Eyes on Tap

"The Mind Alive," by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet *(W. W. Norton. 333 pp. $3.75), continues the authors' inquiry, begun in "The Mature Mind" and "Understanding Ourselves," into the question of meeting emotional problems with adult behavior.*

By William S. Lynch

WHATEVER we call this age and, goodness knows, it has been called by many names, it certainly is one in which, as H. G. Wells has said, "a frightful queerness" has marked the behaviors and affairs of men. Tensions and conflicts appear to be the most characteristic features of life on all levels. How much of this is the result of the times themselves, and how much of this is a concomitant of a garrulous and self-pitying generation, it remains for the historians to decide. In any event, we know ourselves as fearful and anxious persons, tense and angered and with little faith in the solaces of the past. Small wonder, then, that there has arisen what must be a literary genre singular to our day. Books designed to show us how to make peace with ourselves and with our fellows are produced with a high degree of regularity and with varying degrees of skill.

Of the students working in this field, Harry and Bonaro Overstreet are among the most popular and successful. Justly so, because they bring to their readers a firm grasp of modern psychological knowledge, good sense, an understanding of people, and the very characteristic which they point out in this book as the indispensable emotion—*i.e.*, a feeling of tenderness to others.

In a way, of course, the Overstreets are dealing here with the same kind of thing with which Harry dealt in his enormously successful "The Mature Mind," and about which Bonaro wrote in her "Understanding Fear." They are trying to show us that problems of mental health are really problems of emotional growth and that success in dealing with ourselves will be measured by the degree with which we meet problems on a truly adult level. They recognize that frustrations are not something that can be avoided—that life is, of its very nature, a risky and risking thing and in all likelihood will remain so from birth to old age. Just as in the physical order, a healthy body is one which develops restorative powers, so in the emotional realm, psychic health is a matter of staging a successful comeback from psychological wounds. Emotional health is less a mysterious gift of the gods than an understandable gift of growth.

Drawing on this basic principle, we are shown again the ways to find in life the zest and emotional fulfilment necessary to encourage recuperation in ourselves, to acquire the ability to live within our limitations, and to develop the capacity to receive and to give. Much of this is familiar, but all of it is stated with understanding and encouragement. By now, it would seem that all of us should know, for example, the importance of understanding to children. Yet anyone who has worked in the field of education or guidance is constantly being horrified by the life-long difficulties imposed by the ignorance of some parents and teachers. We have truly made some progress in the field of mental health, but we are continually being appalled by the enormous amount that remains to be done. The Overstreets, by setting down in simple and easily understood terms the lessons of everyday life, are doing as much as anyone to promulgate sound concepts and procedures in this field. They have the happy flair of pertinent illustration and of apt quotation. Like the Polish woman of whom they speak in connection with some of the lessons learned about children in the ravaged war areas, they know that troubled persons—child or adult—need the presence of men and women "with kind eyes."

ACKNOWLEDGING the deep relationship between personal and social matters, they look modestly but effectively at some of the more important current social problems—particularly those which today are bouncing back into the individual psyches—things like war and Communism. To the terrible problem of Communism and the mad turmoil of Governmental investigation, they bring a balanced analysis and suggestions for emotional attitudes sensible enough to steer down the middle road between undue tolerance of evil and the opposite pole—a willingness to sacrifice democratic principle to destroy it. There is no cynicism, left-wing or right-wing. There is an adult understanding of the potential values of some of the directions American people have been taking. It used to be the fashion to decry all forms of American joining. The Overstreets point out that there are definite values in people coming together with common interests. It used to be the fashion to see all corporations as harsh. They call our attention to the newer and more promising relations in industry resulting from enlightened self-interest, if you wish, but even more from the precision which modern technology demands. As always, they have great faith in adult education.

Once again, the Overstreets have prepared for us an encouraging and optimistic look at ourselves at a time when things are such that we often

(*Continued on page* 38)

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The American Maigret

"Tidal Wave," by Georges Simenon *(translated by Louise Varèse, Cornelia Schaeffer, and Ernest Pawel. Doubleday. 383 pp. $3.95), is a collection of three short psychological novels, his first to use American scenes and characters.*

By Otis Fellows

NOW that Georges Simenon has, for some years past, been writing novels on his Connecticut farm, he and his work have gradually become an integral part of the American scene. The locale for the three novels comprising "Tidal Wave" is now Connecticut, now Texas, now the length and breadth of the United States. The background against which each novel's leading character works out his destiny is at once familiar and authentic, and it is well that this should be so. The same talent for meaningful detail, the same insights into human motivation, the same gift for story-telling which so often have had their setting in distant lands, are thus brought home to the American reader.

Quite some years ago, M. Simenon brought out a collection of short stories in which the chief protagonist was a country doctor named Jean Dollent. Dollent, whose mania was to probe relentlessly the hidden springs of character, would admonish his associates: "Let us all put ourselves in the skin of this man." The English equivalent of "skin" would be "shoes," but the French version comes far closer to what M. Simenon has been doing in a long series of brilliantly executed psychological novels. He has so perfected this technique, that the reader too is drawn into the vortex of emotional intensity with a single individual as its center.

—Cris Alexander.

Georges Simeon—"uncommon talent."

Never has this been more clearly illustrated than in the three novels at hand. All open on a scene of not unpleasant routine in the life of the principal character. In "Belle," Spencer Ashby, a New Englander to the core, is spending an evening alone correcting papers of students in the nearby preparatory school where he teaches. His wife is playing bridge at a neighbor's in the peaceful Connecticut village where they live, and Belle, their eighteen-year-old guest, will soon be home. After a turn at the lathe in his cellar workshop, Ashby prepares for a sound night's sleep. It is only the following morning that he finds himself caught up in a shocking drama which inexorably leads to the conclusion.

In "The Bottom of the Bottle," Patrick M. Ashbridge, whom everyone called "P.M." with respectful familiarity, had downed his last Saturday night whisky in Nogales, a town that straddles the Arizona-Mexican border. The first pellets of rain warned him to return to his ranch before the Santa Cruz River, swollen by the approaching storm, should become impassable. With his destination reached, out of the darkness and out of the past came a voice calling "Pat," not "P.M." The encounter drew him ineluctably back to the Santa Cruz, now a raging torrent.

In "The Brothers Rico," Eddie the oldest, as a smooth-running cog in a nationwide organization, was comfortably established in Florida. The others, still in Brooklyn, were merely underlings, but handy with a gun. When Tony, in revolt, spelled danger to the underworld, Eddie bowed to unyielding orders from above.

Under one cover M. Simenon has offered three brief works of fiction, each as carefully constructed as a short story, with its directness, simplicity, and unity of impression. At the same time, the projected thought, the sharpness and economy of detail, the deep psychological and moral interest, create the illusion of as many lengthy novels. This demands great skill and uncommon talent.

Clyde Brion Davis—"convincing study."

Patsy's Progress

"The Newcomer," by Clyde Brion Davis *(J. B. Lippincott. 216 pp. $2.75), tells of an adolescent's struggles to become accepted as one of the gang in a town to which he has just moved.*

By Kenneth S. Davis

HENRY TROTTER, who tells his story in first person in Clyde Brion Davis's novel "The Newcomer," is a lad of junior high-school age whose problem is "how to become accepted"—or, as he would put it, "how to get over being a patsy." A "patsy," in Henry's lingo, is anyone who doesn't "fit in," anyone who is "queer" and does things or expresses attitudes which arouse the crowd's disapproval.

In his native LaSalle, a small Midwestern town where his father was an assistant professor in a girls' college, Henry had been far from a "patsy."

He'd been a regular fellow, and a regular fellow among boys so "tough" that his father and mother were a bit worried about it. He'd played games well and joined heartily with his contemporaries in the persecution of those who did not or who, for other reasons, were unacceptable. His father, he confesses, is an "egghead"—but that's made all right by the fact that his father also played end on the University of Missouri's football team and once scored the winning touchdown in a game with the University of Kansas. Henry's mighty proud of his father, and this secure pride is always a help to him.

But when his father accepts a position as full professor in the coeducational college of Caxton, located in the larger Midwestern town of Franklin,

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Henry's life is abruptly, drastically changed. He is uprooted. He is a total stranger, a newcomer. He knows he must undergo an "ordeal" before he's accepted and he tries to mitigate it by being "smart," though not "too smart," because to be "too smart" is "stupid." All his initial stratagems, however, miscarry disastrously. His only friend at first is a terrible "patsy," a boy who plays Bartok records and collects moths.

Next he is taken up by the daughter of the college's athletic director and football coach, a formidable tomboy who puts him in a terribly ambiguous position by beating up a couple of his enemies, secretly, and giving him public credit for her feats. Only after a long series of misadventures, some of them pretty funny, does Henry come to realize that he's been too "tensed up," that his anxiety to make good is causing him to do awkward, foolish things. He then practises "relaxing," and gains his heart's desire.

SOME years ago, Mr. Davis in his "The Great American Novel" wrote what in the opinion of many is the best novel yet written about a newspaperman. In it he displayed a marvelous ear and a remarkable sense of character. These talents are, I think, less evident in the present work, for Henry does and says a number of things which seem out of character and the style slips every now and then into a labored cuteness. But as a study in the strategy of conformity (Henry tells his story in the terms of "how to") and as a portrait of the middle-class mid-American's psyche, "The Newcomer" is convincing and valuable. George F. Babbitt at thirteen must have been a boy much like Henry Trotter, eager, diffident, likable, basically humble in his attitudes, but so lacking in moral courage and critical intelligence, and so driven by a passion to "belong," as to constitute a potential threat to free society. On the other hand, the pressures which focus on Henry Trotter are somewhat different from those which shaped George Babbitt; Henry seems more aware of what is happening to him than George probably was; and there's a chance therefore that Henry will develop those admirable qualities which, in Babbitt, remained stunted. One hopes so.

Quatrefoil Modern

"New Short Novels," edited by Mary Louise Aswell *(Ballantine Books. 188 pp. Clothbound, $2.75. Paperbound, 35¢), offers stories, previously unpublished in book form, by Clyde Miller, Jean Stafford, Shelby Foote, and Elizabeth Etnier.*

By William Peden

THE short novel—the genre which Henry James aptly designated the "shapely," the "blest," *nouvelle*—has for decades been a favorite with many distinguished fiction writers, but not with editors. In spite of the great achievements made in this literary form (which includes such masterpieces-in-miniature as "Daisy Miller" and "The Dead," "The Red Badge of Courage" and "Metamorphosis"), editors and publishers have virtually considered the novella to be taboo: too long for convenient magazine publication, not long enough for hardcover publication.

It is good to note that recently this taboo has been frequently violated. By *Life* and *The New Yorker*, for example, with James Michener's "The Bridges of Toko-ri" and Eudora Welty's "The Ponder Heart"; by book publishers with such forthcoming volumes as Mark Schorer's "The Wars of Love" and H. E. Bates's "The Nature of Love," and by the present admirable collection of four short novels edited by Mary Louise Aswell, one-time fiction editor of *Harper's Bazaar*.

Miss Aswell is a good editor-critic. The authors she has selected possess in common only the fact that they are Americans, and are good storytellers and conscientious craftsmen. (It might be added that all of these stories are concerned in one way or another with the basic problem of human loneliness. It is difficult to say whether this reflects the editor's personal taste, or is a commentary on our age, or is sheer coincidence.) All four of these short novels deserve to be widely read, and it is quite possible that none of them would be in print were it not for the present ambitious and worthwhile publishing venture.

THE excellence of Miss Aswell's selections makes it difficult to single out any individual piece for praise. My own personal favorite happens to be the work of the youngest author represented, twenty-seven-year-old Clyde Miller. "The Gentle Season" is a highly effective story of a segment of small-town life in the author's native Louisiana. Mr. Miller depicts a memorable group of characters: a thirteen-year-old boy, more interested in hunting than in girls, but tolerably interested in each; his grandmother; his maiden aunt; a magnificent and alcoholic retired army officer, and his deaf-and-dumb daughter who is as delightful as she is pitiable. Mr. Miller illuminates his portrayal of a few weeks in the lives of these essentially good but lonely individuals with affectionate understanding, and without sentimentality. Mr. Miller is a real writer.

Jean Stafford is represented by "A Winter's Tale," a delineation of an American girl pursuing a college education—and Romance—in Heidelberg. This is a small gem from one of our most gifted writers, not Miss Stafford's best, but very good indeed. From its opening paragraph, in which the neurotic protagonist gazes through high French windows upon a gray landscape and confesses "I do not know whether it is forever midnight or forever noon," "A Winter's Tale" bears the stamp of indescribable melancholy which makes Miss Stafford's stories so unmistakably hers.

Shelby Foote's "Ride Out" may disappoint some admirers of the talented young author of "Love in a Dry Season" and other works of fiction. His story of the brief and violent career of an itinerant Negro musician is swiftly and effectively narrated, but adds little in concept or understanding to a subject which captured the imagination of DuBose Heyward some twenty-five years ago.

Elizabeth Etnier rounds out this excellent volume by depicting another kind of failure in "The Willow." This sensitive account of a man's and woman's search for contentment on a Maine island is made memorable by its melodic quality and its quiet, painstaking characterization.

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When Shakespeare Was Old

"The Player's Boy," by Bryher *(Pantheon Books. 201 pp. $2.75), is the story of an actor's apprentice during the reign of James I of England.*

By Jean Starr Untermeyer

A FRIEND of mine collects and sells various antiquities, all of a rare quality. When, at long intervals, I have visited the collection I have been drawn not to some outstanding piece of furniture or porcelain, but to a small object whose exquisite workmanship has touched me with its intimate charm. "Now that," I have said on several occasions, "is something I would like to own." And again and again I have been answered by a slightly mocking smile and something like the following retort: "You don't say! That happens to be one of the finest things I possess." What is the secret of such distinction is a question I have asked myself. I have come to the conclusion that it lies in a cunning and consummate craftsmanship and the loving dedication of the one who fashioned it, a dedication so ardent that the emanation of it seems always to be infused into the object and to give it continuing life.

It is in this category of the fine and rare (but, in a curious way, also the strong) that I would like to place "The Player's Boy," the latest work by the Englishwoman who signs herself simply Bryher, the name deriving from one of the Scilly Islands off the coast of Cornwall where the author spent many holidays in her childhood. This short, historical novel, told in the first person, is the story of James Sands, an actor's apprentice. And it is also the story of an age, the seventeenth century during the reign of James I of England, which was, in so many ways, a declension from the beneficent sovereignty of "good Queen Bess." In James Sands, outwardly diffident, inwardly dreamy, we have an extraordinarily sensitive recorder of this age.

Despite or because of the extravagance at Court, gloom was abroad in the land in the forms of the plague and the Puritans. Sands's father, who had indentured him to his first master, had died of the plague, and fear of the plague seeps like a miasma through the very air of this story. "I am sick, I must die, Lord, have pity on us" might have been anybody's litany. As for the Puritans who were later, in 1642, to close the theatres, the effect of them cannot be better described than in Sands's own words. "The Puritans had less a poor imagination than too much of it. They insisted acting was a form of falsehood, because no man should pretend to be other than he was. Yet they found slanders where we heard only the rustling of summer leaves; and if they hated the Court, it was less because of its wickedness than because a courtier's monopoly interfered with their trade.

A FEW of the time's great figures come into the story, but only tangentially. Sir Walter Raleigh is executed, and the scene of the execution is done with great pathos and realism. For neither his exploits for nor his poems to Queen Elizabeth (the most famous of which is "The Ocean to Cynthia") could save him with her successor. We meet the playwright Francis Beaumont face to face, along with Sands, who eventually became his page, and with the latter come under his spell: "I wanted to fly with Mr. Beaumont, to be fluid, to rise, to come to golden answers falling from the sun, and sweep forward with the new grand tide into motion and discovery." In this brief, almost breathless flight of words we feel not only the charm of this man but also the whole spirit of the Renaissance.

No amount of description can do justice to the skill and intense devotion that has produced this small masterpiece.

The drama, however, is not so much in the swordplay, but in the brave loyalty of the timid player's boy, and in the reach of consciousness which deepened the meaning of his mortal lot, and which lasted just beyond the fatal thrust. This is the poetry within history, this is what causes mankind to persist beyond every defeat.

Notes

HOLLYWOOD REVISITED: Speed Lamkin's latest novel concerns itself with Hollywood, terminal city of many an ambitious feminine heart, climactic locale produced by a nation's striving. The

(*Continued on page* 54)

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Eagle and Child*, in Brittaines Burſſe. 1620.

—From the jacket of "The Player's Boy."

", . . the poetry in history, (which) causes mankind to persist."

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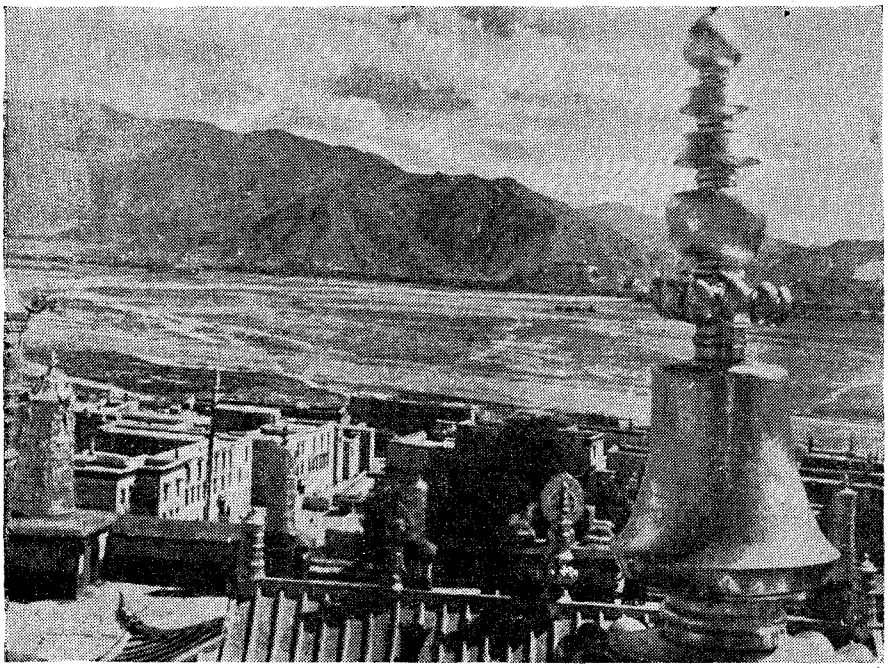

—From "Seven Years in Tibet."

The monastery of Sera—"the whining of wind down long, solitary reaches."

Light on the Lama

"Seven Years in Tibet," by Heinrich Harrer *(translated by Richard Graves. E. P. Dutton. 314 pp. $5), is a report by an escaped Austrian prisoner of war who lived in the remote and mysterious Roof of the World from 1944 to 1951. Below it is reviewed by William O. Douglas, associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, author of "Beyond the High Himalayas" and other volumes.*

By William O. Douglas

FIVE years ago, in "Out of This World," the Lowell Thomases—father and son—brought back a vivid report on remote and mysterious Tibet. Now, in a volume called "Seven Years in Tibet," Heinrich Harrer brings the account of Lhasa and the Roof of the World, as seen from the inside, down to 1951. It is a stirring tale of adventure and travel.

Mr. Harrer is an Austrian of distinction. He was on the Austrian Olympic team in 1936 and developed considerable reputation as mountaineer in the Swiss Alps. He went out to the Himalayas in 1939 to make a reconnaissance of Nanga Parbat, the famed peak that had claimed many lives before it was conquered in 1953 by a great German team. His reconnaissance was completed and he had come out to Karachi when war broke between Germany and England. Harrer and his companions were arrested as alien enemies and placed in a British prison camp.

That is the start of the book. Harrer resolves to get out of prison into Tibet. Getting out is not too difficult. But once out, he has hundreds of miles to go on foot to reach Tibet. Days of excruciating travel go for naught. He is apprehended and returned to camp. Now more perfect plans are laid; once more there is an escape, once again he starts the long, long trek on foot to Tibet. He sleeps by day, travels by night. The escapades he experiences are enough for an Oppenheim thriller. But he skips briefly over them and takes up the main thread of the story in Tibet.

Tibet, a high, remote region little known, has long been the forbidden land, closed to foreigners. The lamas have wished it that way. They did not want their people to receive the impact of foreign (especially Western) ideas. Only an occasional Westerner could get in. Harrer, a fugitive, was not welcome. He was, indeed, ordered back to India. And back he went, only to enter Tibet at another point.

This is vast open country and barren, too. The passes are high, the trails steep and laborious. It is impossible, at least for a fugitive, to live off the country. He must find friends and food. He must find cover for the harsh nights of summer. He must have clothes against the rigors of winter. Harrer and his companion, Aufschnaiter, fought the battle for survival and won it in one of the most moving accounts I have read. They barely survived; they sank to an existence lower than the humblest peasant. But they grew in stature and knowledge during those long and bitter months, learning the Tibetan language, studying the customs of the people, probing the mysteries of the church.

AT LAST they reached Lhasa, the capital and holy city, where they stayed five years. There was a long illness from sciatica and repeated efforts were made to deport them. But they survived all those adversities, became integral parts of the life of Lhasa, and men of dignity and worth in that civilization. Harrer first served the Tibetan Government as translator of foreign news and as an engineer for the construction of small irrigation projects. Then he obtained the prize job that Tibet has to offer—the tutor for the Dalai Lama. From that vantage point Harrer came to know the Tibetan civilization probably as well as any living Westerner. He writes of it simply but movingly. He is a keen observer. He writes with an eye sympathetic to the Tibetans.

"Seven Years in Tibet" is, indeed, a rounded account of Tibetan life, from the flashing eyes of the beautiful Tibetan women to the violent seances of the Oracle, whom Government functionaries consult on every important matter. One finds in this book what a travel book cannot give, what can only be had from years of eating and sleeping and living with people in their homes. In addition, there are beautiful photographs of Tibetan life.

The seven years end when Harrer came out of Tibet with the Dalai Lama late in 1950. When Red China moved in, the Dalai Lama left for the Indian border to await developments. In August 1951, the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa under a Red regime. What will happen in this stoutly independent country, which has long fought Chinese aggression, not even the Oracle at Lhasa knows. But this volume is an excellent account of the five years which last preceded the drawing of the red silken curtain around the little nation that imperial China coveted for centuries but was unable to subdue. One will find in this book a measure of the indomitable Tibetan spirit which may cause Red China also to fail.

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Six-Legged Sects

"The Fabulous Insects," edited by Charles Neider *(Harper. 278 pp. $3.50), is an anthology of recent popular writing about bees, spiders, scorpions, and such. Marston Bates, our reviewer, is professor of zoology at the University of Michigan, and author of "The Natural History of Mosquitoes," and other works.*

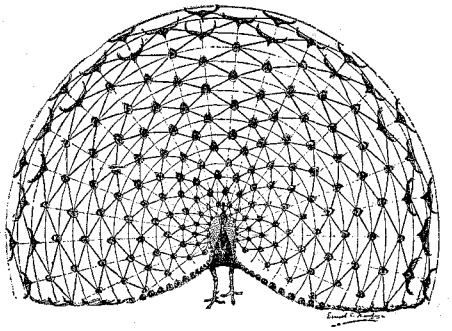
By Marston Bates

"A COLLECTION of exciting stories about insect life," say the publishers on the jacket of "The Fabulous Insects," and "exciting" is a good word for much of the contents. The editor, Charles Neider, sets the tone in the introduction with an account of his adventures with black widow spiders and scorpions, and a description of a series of battles that he watched between a colony of red ants and a neighboring colony of blacks. This is good magazine-article writing: it catches and holds the reader's interest and it is, I presume, strictly accurate insofar as it reports what the author saw and how he reacted.

Yet this introduction, like the book as a whole, leaves me dissatisfied. I cannot help but wonder whether my attitude is unreasonable, whether I am using the wrong criteria in judging it. Certainly I am asking for more than the editor intended to provide. He says that in this book he hopes "to indicate, by means of intelligent, often highly authoritative, profoundly imaginative observation, the great world of wonder, awe, and delight which awaits us in the insect realm." "Wonder, awe, and delight," I suppose, add up to make entertainment; he is providing us with entertainment and I am asking for understanding.

This is one aspect of the general problem of the difference between the article and the essay. The selections here, for the most part, are magazine articles, and they are excellent examples of the adaptation of nature writing to this form. My unease, I suppose, comes from finding them bound together in a hardcover book, where I expect something more ambitious. That is questionable, too, because surely these articles deserve to be rescued from the oblivion of back-number magazines.

There are three selections from Fabre and one from Maeterlinck; otherwise the material is all from contemporary American sources. A few selections are from books: two from "Edge of the Jungle," by William Beebe; two from "A Cup of Sky," by Donald Culross Peattie; one from "Insects in Your Life," by C. H. Curran; and one from "The Spirit of the Hive," by Dallas Lore Sharp. The rest were first published in general magazines, with *Natural History Magazine* (four selections) in the lead.



—Ernest Thompson Seton.

Plan of a peacock's train.

THERE are twenty-four pieces in all, by seventeen different authors. Some of the authors are professional scientists, others are professional writers, but I think it would be difficult to distinguish between these on the basis of the material here: the writers have their facts reasonably straight, and the scientists show remarkable ability at maintaining reader interest and avoiding technicalities.

And then, of course, there is William Beebe. Is he a writer or a scientist? Both, I suppose—a writing scientist. Reading the two pieces here on ants from "Edge of the Jungle" brought back memories of the pleasure I got out of that book when it first appeared. Was I complaining about understanding? There is plenty of it in Beebe, and excitement, too. His prose doesn't give me as much pleasure as it used to, because I have come to like a drier style; but I still find myself sharing his experiences and gaining new insights in the process. I had rather read Beebe straight, though, in his own books; the continuity and hence, perhaps, the understanding are lost with pieces in an anthology.

Eleven of these twenty-four selections are on social insects, five on ants alone, the others on bees, termites, and wasps. This is a reflection of the "human interest" that these creatures have. But again the continuity is lost, since the selections on related subjects are scattered through the book, which is arranged alphabetically by author.

But this is carping. As the publishers say, "'The Fabulous Insects' is a popular nature writing of a high order" and if you like popular nature writing and have no strong allergy to anthologies, you will like this book.

Mr. Mother Nature

"Ernest Thompson Seton's America," edited by Farida A. Wiley *(Devin-Adair. 413 pp. $5), is a one-volume culling of the voluminous writings of one of our greatest—and most romantic—writers on nature. Alan Devoe, who reviews it here, is the author of "Our Animal Neighbors," and other volumes.*

By Alan Devoe

TWO OR three years ago Miss Farida Wiley, staff member of the American Museum of Natural History and lecturer in nature education to many groups, edited an admirable volume, "John Burroughs' America." This selection did much to acquaint a new generation with the best work of the Sage of Slabsides, rescuing it from the threatened dusty oblivion of his "Collected Works." In "Ernest Thompson Seton's America," second volume in a projected American Naturalists Series, Miss Wiley has now performed the same service for Ernest Thompson Seton. Seton had not been moldering away in any set of collected works; his forty-some books were mostly out of print, and the atomic space-rocket generation was in danger of missing altogether the picturesque tales of grizzly bears, moose, wolves, and pacing mustangs with which Seton had spellbound several generations. (The "several generations" is no casual phrase. Seton was born in 1860, was a best seller by 1898, and lived until 1946.)

Miss Wiley has selected and edited well, with sound taste and scholarship. In under 400 pages, taken from Seton's enormous output, she has caught him at his most authentically magical and has preserved a remarkably large part of what is best worth preserving. The selection of Seton's drawings—he made thousands and thousands of them; his surviving second wife, Julia Seton, possesses something like 7,000—is as sound as the selection of prose. There are several drawings here published for the first time. Altogether, the one-volume Seton has been excellently composed, from the touching memoir by Julia Seton to the condensed bibliography and efficient index. For any old friend of Seton's, however, or for any informed student of the American nature-writing scene early in this century, there is about this volume a fascinating aspect of the Unsaid. It requires a little comment.

A reader meeting Seton for the first

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time in this book would take him to have been an almost stuffily "respected" figure (as was Burroughs) in his nature-writing heyday. After all, he comes presented by a conservative and scholarly editor, of Museum standing, who speaks reverently of his "research," his "authoritativeness," his "great understanding of the world of natural science," and so on. One would think, from her introduction, that there had never been any question of Seton's standing.

It was just over fifty years ago (in the *Atlantic* for March 1903) that good gray Burroughs, sage and dean of American nature-writing then, let loose his comments on Seton's "Wild Animals I Have Known." The article was one of the nastiest in the history of responsible critical journalism. Seton's book, said Burroughs, ought to have been called "Wild Animals I Alone Have Known." Its author, he went on, was a deliberately unreliable sensation-monger. Seton's stories might be "true as romance, true in their artistic effects, true in their power to entertain the young reader; . . . but true as natural history they certainly are not." And so on. It was a massacre, or an attempted one. It touched off the whole bloody shindig that raged for years as the controversy about "nature-faking," a controversy notable, among other cruel things, for the war-whoops of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Ernest Thompson Seton did have "great understanding of natural science"; he did do a prodigious lot of field-research, and the rest. But also he was primarily an artist; he loved to present his nature-lore in bright, fantastic colors; he was a gorgeous yarn-spinner. This extravagant temperament endeared him and his work to the public, and it let him write and draw with memorable vividness. But also it caused a great many of the less imaginative naturalists and prosiness-at-any-price scientists to—speaking simply—hate him. It gives an eerie feeling, reading "Ernest Thompson Seton's America" and noting the grave homage of its tone, to reflect that some readers, scanning it, may never know what a hardy and valiant-spirited man Seton had to be to win to such estate.

Silent Oxygenators

"The Triumph of the Tree," by John Stewart Collis *(William Sloane Assoc. 275 pp. $3.50), traces the spiritual as well as material significances of the Tree through the history of the human race. Here it is reviewed by Paul B. Sears, chairman of the Yale University Conservation Program and author of "Deserts on the March."*

By Paul B. Sears

PASSING over a question which seems to annoy some folks—as to whether our ancestors once lived in trees—there cannot be much doubt that they and we would have had a tough time of it without trees. Stones are more durable than wood, and so we are mightily impressed by the fact that Early Man chipped out his knives and points. The process of decay has kept us from knowing the infinitely clever and varied uses that primitive man must have found for wood. Only the bits of charcoal from ancient campfires serve as an occasional reminder of the intimate and inseparable connection between human survival and the tree. In a sense, it matches our curious and ancient symbiosis with the dog.

Actually, every age has been an Age of Wood, and our own not least. Perhaps we would have a keener feeling for tree and forest if we knew more of their place in folklore and in religions other than our own in which the Tree remains a symbol of agony and expiation. In his book, "The Triumph of the Tree," John Stewart Collis goes to considerable trouble to detail for us how trees have been involved in legend, poetry, and faith from the beginning of the written record. A casual glance might give the impression that this is a catalogue drawn to fill up half a book—as it does—with odd beliefs about trees. But reading will reveal an insistence of purpose and quality of style which belies that idea. Here is a man of letters reminding us of values that should not be forgotten.

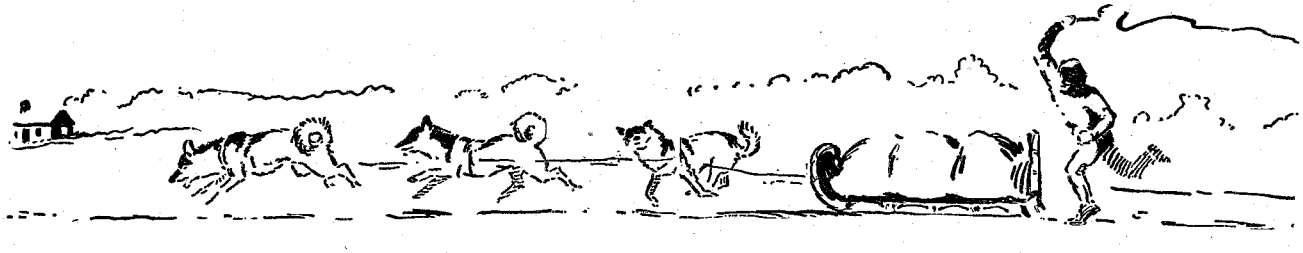
It was a hard wrench when the Judaic-Christian ethos broke with the old nature-worship. The pagans may not have treated the natural world much better than we have done, but at least they did not deny their kinship with it. Our denial has brought trouble multiplied, for it strikes at the very roots of our physical survival.

Having cast off intuition as a guide, we shall have to depend upon hard knocks and science until a new set of values emerges. So Mr. Collis, obviously using the tree as a symbol of the balance and order of nature, goes on to explain the source of some of the social and economic bruises that have come from our violence to nature. His account of "The Revenges of Nature" is not the least effective of the several that have been written in the past twenty years and he makes generous acknowledgment to them. As an artist he has the advantage of a professional skill not always granted to those whose instinct is to dig out the raw facts and who make that their business.

HE HAS stepped in where the artist is sorely needed. There is no problem in getting the benefits of science when these can be sold over the counter at a profit. But the story is different with those larger, more diffuse, and slow-moving benefits which can come from the sense of perspective and direction that science should give.

The great danger is that the artist may have more confidence in the scientists than they have in each other, or in themselves. He is likely to take anything they say, or are said to have said, at face value. This can be serious. If the writer of "The Triumph of the Tree" has in a few instances slipped, he more than redeems himself by showing that he can ask shrewd questions.

He has done well what he set out to do—"to bring together the intuitions of the past with the factual knowledge of the present" and concludes with a statement that no biologist will question—that Nature has the last word. We would do well to find out what the Old Girl has on her mind.



—From "Ernest Thompson Seton's America," by the author.

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Book Dumping, Among Other Things

THIS is about the book-publishing industry and its assorted troubles.

We begin with an apology and an explanation to the authors of the following six books, all of which are published this week:

"Scenes and Portraits," by Van Wyck Brooks, an autobiographical memoir by the dean of American literary historians.

"Man's Unconquerable Mind," by Gilbert Highet, a tribute to the immortality of the mind and a call for its increased and widened use.

"Shirt-Sleeve Diplomacy," by Jonathan Bingham, the first full account and appraisal of the historic program of American technological assistance.

"The Test of Freedom," by Norman Thomas, an attempt by the leader of the Socialist Party in America to find a democratic way between the extremes of McCarthyism and Communism.

"Moscow," by Theodor Plevier, a fictional account of the downfall of the German army at Moscow.

"The Cobweb," by Walter Gibson, an uncommonly fine first novel, laid in a clinic for nervous disorders, that probes some of the most fundamental of man's problems.

Each one of these books—and perhaps others as well—deserves to appear on our cover as the leading title of the week. Whether in terms of literary appeal or timeliness or importance, each book clearly qualifies for such recognition as may be provided by special cover treatment. Our selection of Stuart Chase's "Power of Words" comes as close to being an arbitrary cover choice as it is possible to get. It is no disparagement of Mr. Chase's work to say that the cover could have gone just as easily to any of the six books listed. It just happens—literally so—that they were all issued the same week.

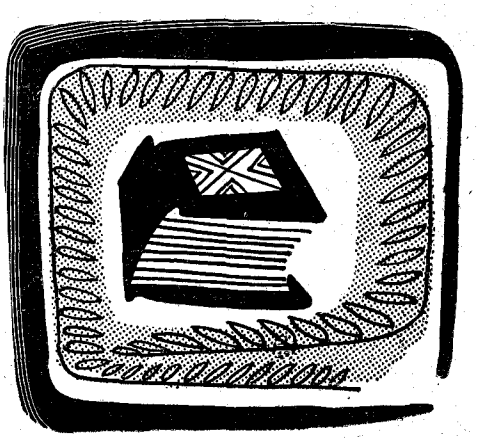
The point of these remarks is that it needn't have "just happened." With only routine planning, the publication of these books could have been spaced so that each one could have received the spotlight it deserved. Sometimes a month or more will pass without the publishing of a truly outstanding book. At such a time it becomes necessary to stretch our yardsticks in selecting a title for the cover. Then in the space of three or four days, important books will erupt all over the place. These books will impose upon us, and upon our colleagues in the business of reviewing books, the unhappy responsibility of discriminating against deserving authors.

THE selection of a magazine cover is perhaps a minor aspect of the problem. At its worst the problem concerns books in general. During some weeks of the year hundreds of books will be tumbled onto our review editor's desk. Only a fraction of these titles can possibly receive proper notice or attention. We have the unhappy job, therefore, of discarding many books which would ordinarily warrant review. The authors of these discards worked just as hard to get a hearing as the authors of books who were lucky enough to avoid the book-dumping seasons. What the unlucky authors had to say was just as important; their hopes for winning a reputation and making money were just as high. But they became the innocent victims of book-dumping.

Whenever the suggestion has been made that the publishers pool their information about release dates and prepare some sort of master scheduling calendar for the guidance of the industry the reply has been made that such a project would be too difficult to undertake. Nothing is easier, of course, than to continue with the present unorganized system and its hundreds of resultant casualties. There is no problem that we know of in acquiring and combining the necessary information. In fact, the information is readily obtainable in *Publishers' Weekly* or the various advance literary services, even though master scheduling of the type we have in mind would have to be done much earlier, and the information would have to be centrally coordinated and carefully maintained on a master scheduling board. The principle, however, is a simple one: Only so many eggs from different hens can be put in a certain size crate without the mathematical certainty of breakage.

It isn't true that the only thing a good books needs for its success is to be born. Bringing a good book to life is an exacting and demanding affair. Good books have died virtually stillborn for want of air and light and constant attention. First of all, the fact of a book's existence must be made known to the nation's book readers. A book needs the widest possible discussion in the reviewing media of the country—whether magazine, newspaper, radio, television, or public platform. It needs special attention by the bookseller. It needs window space, counter space. More than this, it needs the bookseller's personal support.

But the deserving book is not going to get very much of this kind of attention if the publishers persist in their apparent belief that the reviewer and bookseller are so unimportant in the total scheme of publishing that their needs and capacities can be ignored. Reviewers and booksellers owe their allegiance



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to the entire world of books. Too many publishers, however, act as though each one of them owed allegiance only to his own books, hoping for an occasional lucky strike, such as a book-club selection or an occasional best seller. Only a significantly small number of publishers seem to see themselves in relation to the entire industry, or are concerned with all the component parts. In the long run the publisher's survival depends more upon the existence of a healthy industry than upon his occasional access to a jackpot.

IT strikes us that the publishers as a whole have never really dealt with the fundamentals of their own business. To be sure, they have established the American Book Publishers' Council, Inc., in order to advance the cause of the book and to represent the industry before the bar of American public opinion. In this way they have battled competently and effectively against higher postage rates, censorship, and rising costs. They have also attracted widespread attention for books through the annual National Book Awards. They have aided libraries. And the Council is now in the process of establishing a long-overdue national citizens group which will be concerned in general with the right to publish and the right to read. In such efforts the publishers have been singularly fortunate in staffing the executive positions on the Council with highly competent, imaginative, responsible people.

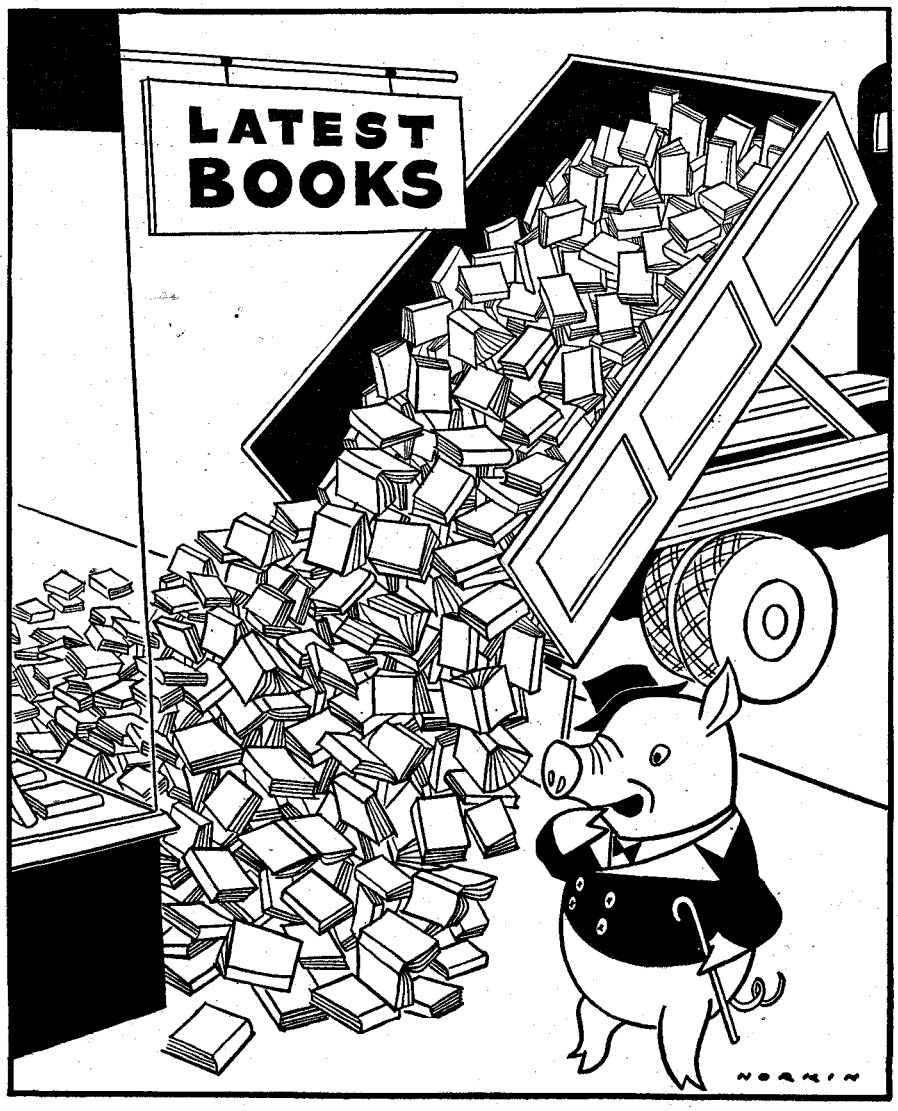
All this, of course, has been eminently worthwhile. But the publishers have not faced up to the problems of the book industry itself, of which book dumping is but one unhappy example. Another example would be the relationship of the publisher to the bookseller. Books are basically a retail business. Yet the book industry is unique among American businesses in that its own policies serve to weaken the retail outlets on which its well-being depends. Indeed, it is not at all unusual to hear a publisher express scorn for the type of person who sells books, but one seldom hears him talk about the need for creating the incentives that would attract more people to bookselling.

Not long ago the pharmaceutical industry faced a crisis because of the epidemic of cut-rate sales in drug stores, indicating a profoundly unstable condition in the retail trade. The members of that industry lost no time in coming together to devise such programs and policies as would make it possible for the individual drugstore merchant to exist on something other than a cut-throat basis. No such comparable effort is being made today by the book publishers, despite the fact that the condition of the retail bookseller has become increasingly precarious. Each year more and more bookstores are going out of business. Many bookstores would go into bankruptcy tomorrow if they had to depend on books alone. If this is of concern to the book publishing industry it has yet to show it by adopting such practices as will convince the individual bookseller that his place in the world of books is more than merely incidental or accidental.

Publishers often complain about the paucity of first-rate reviewing media around the country. Yet the book industry as a whole has failed to support national book-reviewing media. It is difficult to think of an American business that has been more favored with free publicity, or one that has shown less awareness of the value of that publicity.

The Saturday Review has been allied with the book industry for thirty years. It would have died ten years ago if it had depended on the publishing industry for support. Nor is it any secret that the book-publishing industry expects—and receives—preferential treatment with respect to advertising rates. No other branch of the arts—music, theatre, films, etc.—has ever been granted comparable favors.

Here, then, is a picture of an American industry vital to the national culture—custodians in a sense of infinitely valuable literary properties, the future protectors of talent yet to be developed. Yet it is a weak and uncertain industry. Its symbol is less the book than a tin cup. What it needs is not so much help from the outside as an internal upheaval in its premises and propositions, in its policies and practices. It needs not merely lower production costs or higher retail prices, but a thoroughgoing recognition that issuing a book is not quite the same as publishing it, and that a proper approach to the marketplace is an art in itself. —N. C.



"Well, at least there's a law that says they can't do that to me!"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MORE ON MESCALIN

THE ABSTRACT OF ALDOUS HUXLEY'S essay on the effects of mescalin [*SR* Feb. 6] illustrates the cyclic return of interest in drugs which absorbed the attention of romanticists of the stripe of DeQuincey and Poe. These drugs produced effects approximating the disintegration of perception and the heightening of emotional reactions frequently associated with mental diseases—such as schizophrenia. They had the effect of modifying the tensions ordinarily associated with the human problem of facing reality. Mescalin, as well as the others, has been studied intensively by psychologists since the days of Havelock Ellis and Weir Mitchell.

This scientific interest has been extended to peyote, which incidentally is not synonymous with mescalin chemically. The writer and Dr. Charles L. Tranter made a careful study of the psychological aspects of the "Peyote Rite" (*Jour. of Nerv. and Mental Dis.*, Vol. 97, May 1943) occurring among the Indians of Nevada. We demonstrated that although peyote relieved "the basic anxiety for survival" and promised the Indian user the eternal power of Father Peyote, it also increased their psychologic isolation from the reality of American life around them.

Dr. Cutting's comments have indicated the natural tendency of a physician to search for detrimental effects of any drug used uncontrollably—a supposition which our studies confirm. Tied in with the use of mescal, peyote, or marihuana—or even whiskey—is the problem of handling anxieties that are an integral part of our psychic and social life. Peyote may be romantic and anthropologically attractive, but it is a great question whether this drug or mescalin is superior to alcohol or tobacco.

WALTER BROMBERG, M.D.

Sacramento, Calif.

SKIMMING THE UPPER HALVES

IN "THE ABC AROUND US" [*SR* Jan. 2] Frank Denham brightly riddles a lot of straw targets but bags no game. It may be difficult for an adult, uneducated foreigner to learn to read English, or to learn anything else from books. But it is not at all difficult for a child to learn to read English, if he doesn't go to a progressive school where reading isn't taught. I've read for pleasure from the age of six or seven, but then I was no prodigy—many brighter children read for pleasure from the age of five.

All reading, of any alphabet or language, depends on prior knowledge and associations, which can be accumulated with considerable speed. Mr. Denman should familiarize himself with the research that has been done on the optics of reading and the legibility of types. It is true that we read the appearance of words rather than their letters, but it is equally significant that we recognize principally the *upper halves* of words. We skim the tops of lines. Also the normal reader recognizes words in groups of three to five at each eye pause, while swiftly scanning a line. What difference if the same letter arrangement may have different meanings or sounds? When I read "The redskin raised his trusty bow," I know he wasn't hoisting the front end of a boat, or straightening up from the hips.

Thanks to skilled type designers such as Garamond, Caslon, and Goudy, we have simple but well-differentiated letter forms which make it easy to recognize the profiles of words. When Robert Bridges adds diacritical marks to these letters he is merely distracting my eyes from their proper line of march without telling me anything I don't already know; I can recognize "success" without a cedilla under the second "c." What Mr. Bridges achieved was a kind of post-dated medievalism—like Chatterton's much prettier but equally phony Middle English. What Mr. Denman seems to want is a similar complexity.

WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"A fine Minute Man *You* are—we've been waiting half an hour!"

GLOBAL AMBASSADORS

IN THE CLOSING sentences of your editorial "E Pluribus Unum" [*SR* Jan. 2], alluding to the oneness of the human family, you made special reference to the tourist's role as an ambassador for a sane and decent world, wherever he goes.

I believe you and your readers would be most heartened to know of the extent to which this editorial precept is acknowledged in fact by the world tourists whom it has been Pan American's privilege to fly.

Many hundreds of U.S. citizens have circumpavigated the globe aboard Pan American Clippers since this first became possible in 1947, and we have been at great pains constantly to keep in touch with these round-the-world passengers following their return. Their comments—on any aspect of their trip—are particularly solicited, since the opinions and observations of such experienced travelers can be of inestimable value to us.

One might expect the readiest comments of all, from these pioneers in round-the-world air travel, to concern such things as international customs formalities, clothing tips, praise or condemnation of the crew with whom they traveled so far, or the particular convenience or inconvenience of a departure or connection en route—matters of service directly related to the newest medium in round-the-world travel.

To be sure, such comments are there. But the readiest and most steadily repeated comment of all testifies, humbly and unselfconsciously, to the global responsibility that you yourselves have outlined for the modern-day tourist. It is a comment reflecting gratification at having had the opportunity to discover how the rest of the world lives, of having had the opportunity to impart a little of how America lives, and to have gained, as an overall result, a better understanding of the oneness of the world and the global responsibilities of *all* its citizens.

WILLIS G. LIPSCOMB,
Vice President,
Pan American World Airways.

New York, N. Y.

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Lessons for Losers

"THE GIRL on the Via Flaminia" is the most thoroughly engrossing piece of work yet performed at Circle-in-the-Square. Not only does this play deal with the never-quite-understood emotional manifestations of persons battling within themselves (which is the area of combat best served by arena theatre), but it is packed with fast-moving conflict between characters which dispels the tedium that usually accompanies introspective plays.

Alfred Hayes's adaptation of his own novel is a warm yet bitter job. In this play (as did Gertrude Stein in "Brewsie and Willie") Mr. Hayes found that Americans needed to learn to express complexity. The playwright goes farther than that. He finds a great difference between the 1920 American tourist schoolteacher who eats little sandwiches at the Hotel Tuscania and the 1944 soldiers who scratch their names on the walls of the Colosseum. Representing the latter in the play is a G.I. staff sergeant who offers food and money in exchange for not being lonely without thinking how the implications of this loveless pact may destroy a sensitive Italian girl.

Betty Miller, who plays the girl, twitches and turns throughout the play in temporary evasion of her sad destiny of suicide. Her hypersensitive portrayal is suspenseful and convincing. Leo Penn brings personal warmth to the role of the American young man who is neither a callous seducer nor a romantic sentimentalist. What he is would be interesting to probe, but perhaps that will be Mr. Hayes's next play. Felice Orlandi is terrifying as the proud Italian who despises what defeat and poverty have done to the ethics of his countrymen. As he states, "War is the opposite of men working together. It is more than ever only men trying to save themselves separately." In contrast to these three, James Greene draws a satiric portrait of a British soldier who makes life simple by limiting his horizon.

José Quintero's direction has a new air of confidence. Maybe part of this is due to the acclaim his work uptown received recently. But probably the lion's share of the credit should go to a play that describes with truth and passion the relationship between the American conquistadores and the shamed Italians. "God sends flies to the starved horse," says the Italian girl. Fortunately, there are no flies on Circle-in-the-Square these days.

WHILE war certainly tends to make many of us lose our moral strength, Elmer Rice has in his latest play come to the conclusion that even a legal battle over a will can bring out the worst in people. Still, from the worst sometimes emerges the truth, and "The Winner" does succeed in dredging considerable virtue from an honestly-drawn cigarette-stand girl named Eva Harold.

Eva is not a sympathetic heroine. She is petty, selfish, and entices married men to take her out but refuses to let them come up to her apartment. There are two exceptions to this rule. One is a married man who is separated from his wife and has promised to marry Eva as soon as he can afford a divorce. The other is a hard-drinking, soft-living bachelor whom she rightly senses to be a man of principle. A third exception, who is older and very rich, forces his way into Eva's room with a plea of illness, and goes on to prove that his plea is not pure subterfuge by dying on her bed. ("The Winner" thus becomes the second play of the season to be based on the accident of a man's dying in a woman's apartment, the other being "The Prescott Proposals.") In "The Winner" the resultant scandal is complicated by a will drawn by the dying man in Eva's favor. The disinherited wife offers the impecunious girl a sizable settlement not to file the will, but Eva has a genuine if belated attack of high principles and wants nothing less than full exoneration. From this point on the plot clichés come fairly routinely with a little talk on the gospels thrown in by a remarkably understanding judge to give a divine flavor to the ensuing events.

The trouble with "The Winner" is that its dialogue and construction are those of artificial comedy and would, if set in a London flat and played with British reserve, make an entertaining piece of theatre. There are stylish epigrams and smart phrases. "My thought," says the urbane young man who has refused to make the usual pass at Eva, "is that if God meant for men to make love in taxicabs He would have given us more joints."

However, Mr. Rice—who has directed his own play—has chosen to lessen the effect of his polished humor by allowing such lines to be delivered naturalistically without deliberate style. Perhaps the author-director hoped to compensate for his loss on the comic end by the serious and sincere things his play implies about contemporary metropolitan existence. Mr. Rice seems to be discovering that the degrading influences within America are not as strong as the moral fibre of some fundamentally well-brought-up human beings, and that in time of crisis we find our almost lost virtues. Since he has demonstrated this point with unsympathetic characters, one must respect "The Winner."

The actors caught between these levels do similarly respectable jobs. Joan Tetzel punches her lines till they are black and blue to give a hard portrait of Eva. Whitfield Conner manages the difficult task of being both prepossessing and unprepossessing at the same time. Lothar Rewalt deftly keeps his death scene humorous enough to prevent the play from sinking into melodrama. And Vilma Kurer as the mercenary secretary and spiteful ex-mistress is simultaneously caustic and convincing. The two more

Betty Miller, Leo Penn, and Emilie Stevens in "The Girl on the Via Flaminia"—"loveless pact."

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sympathetic characters in the play are acted with admirable restraint. Frederick O'Neal uses no tricks in his moving sequence as the judge. And while Tom Helmore as the casual but ethical lawyer leans, perhaps, a little too much on the side of light charm, he and Miss Tetzel do fulfil the surface requirement of roles which Mr. Rice did not draw very deeply in the first place. As a result "The Winner" becomes a winningly unwinning play made unwinningly winning.

—Henry Hewes.

Play by Meters

HAPPY POETRY: Perhaps the most important poetic drama to appear within the last several months is Pulitzer Prize poet Archibald MacLeish's **"This Music Crept by Me Upon the Waters"** (Harvard University Press, $1.50). In this one-act play written in unrhymed iambic tetrameter, Mr. MacLeish has fashioned what well might be the third act of a longer play. The fragment he has shown us is merely an effort to show the effect of a beautiful and miraculous moment upon several characters invited to a dinner party in the Caribbean. The moment is described as "a shoal in time where happiness is possible:/ More perhaps than possible—inevitable.," or "Where now is truly now, and here/ Just here, and nothing left to hide us."

For most of us the poet points out, "Happiness is long ago or not yet come to/ Only a child or those like children,/ Meeting happiness in a summer's door/ Can take it by the hand and run with it." He then points to the intelligentsia who spend their time on the Riviera and says, "The wreckage of the right to happiness/ In painted shirts and canvas trousers/ Drinking Pernod before breakfast, the possibility of happiness so terrifies them!" Finally MacLeish explains this failure: "Happiness is difficult./ It takes a kind of courage most men/ Never are masters of, a kind of/ Innocent ruthlessness that lives/ Like leaves in the instant of the air:/ The courage just to be—to trust/ The wind that blows you."

This and a lot more of the play are simple and idyllic and offer us MacLeish at his lyrical best. However, a great deal of the play is chit-chat, and in these portions MacLeish's regular verse sounds too important for the subject matter. Here T. S. Eliot's method of using irregular verse that does not sound like verse seems the wiser course. Could the two be mixed within a single play? It might be a way out of the dilemma which at present hampers both poets' work.

—H. H.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Filmed Theatre

IT MAY be that motion-picture reviewers aren't really required for the assessing of "New Faces" and "Top Banana," two Broadway successes that have just been converted into movies. So little change from the originals has accompanied the conversions that the notices by the New York drama critics, when the productions first opened, still hold true. The brassy, burlesque flavor of "Top Banana" is just as enjoyable in the photographed version, and if the parody songs and skits of "New Faces" seem even more refreshing than when seen on Broadway, it's only because we've been trained not to expect that sort of thing in a Hollywood movie musical. No effort has been made, for movie purposes, to widen the confines of the stage or to change the formats of the theatre presentations. Scenes change a lot faster, and in each case one or two skits have been added or taken away. What Harry M. Popkin, producer of "Top Banana," and Edward Alperson, 20th Century-Fox's man-in-charge of "New Faces," have done is to assume that a great many people would appreciate the opportunity of having the equivalent of a front-row seat at performances of the musicals. In "Top Banana" you occasionally get a view of an audience clapping its hands, just as though you'd turned round in your seat to look. The whole idea is so simple as to seem almost naive. Photographed plays aren't supposed to work, according to a lot of theory on the subject. True enough, they often don't. Yet both the above-mentioned musicals seem to me to have stood the test of the camera very well. At present-day movie admission prices I consider each of them a bargain.

"Top Banana" uses the normal screen size, but "New Faces" has been filmed in CinemaScope and has thereby gained an advantage. The directors who have already worked with CinemaScope usually seemed bothered by the necessity of filling up the large fringe areas of the screen the while one or two principals held the center. What they've generally done is put in more horses, more furniture, or more trees and bushes. For "New Faces" a draped curtain is used to fill up all that empty space. It's an excellent device. One hardly notices that the screen is outsize. To put it more technically, there is peripheral vision without eyestrain.

I couldn't help thinking of what might have happened if "New Faces" had been assigned to an old Hollywood hand like Mervyn LeRoy. First of all, he might have noticed that the show had no plot (true enough, since it's a revue) and that without a story it obviously had no "heart," no warm, human message. These ingredients would have been supplied by four or five screenwriters, new songs would have been written (on the assumption that the old ones wouldn't do for family audiences), new dance routines invented (so as to allow for the use of one hundred instead of one dozen dancers), and Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel hired to portray previously nonexistent roles. The whole thing might have been brought in at something close to three million dollars after two or three months of monumental labor.

Looked at in these terms one can more clearly see what has *not* happened. The filming took only a couple of weeks, and the same clever, talented people perform as they did on Broadway—no matter if their names haven't "marquee value." Eartha Kitt, of course, is the exception, since she has gone on to considerable fame after making her splash on Broadway. There's something strangely exhilarating in having only the faintest wisp of a story binding together a potpourri of songs, sketches, parodies, and ballets. One amusing bit follows another. No corny romances to bore one. The revue was put together for fun, and that's what it is. There's Ronny Graham, a young man with a rough-and-ready sense of parody. One of his take-offs is on a young Southern novelist who wears bangs and writes about decadence, the first literary parody on the screen, to my knowledge. Mr. Graham sings—somewhat raucously—and dances, too. There is Paul Lynde, with the funniest bit of all, a "lecture" on his four-day safari through the Congo. Robert Clary and Alice Ghostley have some lively numbers and, of course, there's Eartha Kitt, singing "C'est si bon" and "Santa Baby." The color photography, by the way, was done in the new Eastman process. It manages to give settings a soft, rich glow.

The Color Corporation of America provided the process for "Top Banana," and the results seem inferior to the color qualities we're used to. Otherwise there's little to complain

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about. The pace is lively, there are two wonderful routines parodying old-time burlesque that I wouldn't mind seeing over, and Mr. Phil Silvers is as slick and energetic a comedian as one would wish. He's never been used by Hollywood to this advantage before. The comedy is often broad, even rowdy, but it's all so good-humored and unpretentious, so Broadwayish (for lack of a better term), that I was left feeling very happy. Looks to me as though an astonishingly simple way has been found to bring Broadway's shows to the screen. If the formula works at the box-office, I shudder to think of the money Hollywood has been wasting for the past twenty years.

* * *

"Intimate Relations" is an English version of "Les Parents Terrible," the Jean Cocteau play that ran in Paris for five years. Charles Frank, the translator, adapter, and director, has also been content to settle for a simple filming of the play. The method doesn't work so happily in this case, though. For one thing, the play is filled with a kind of dry, cerebral talk that tends to grate on the nerves after a while. For another, the camera has a way of making the artifices of the play highly apparent. The theme of "Les Parents Terrible," as is probably well known by now, deals with a possessive mother's unwillingness to untie the silver cord so that her son may marry the girl of his choice. Further complications arise when it is discovered that the son has unwittingly chosen for the object of his affections a girl who is already the mistress, secretly, of his father. M. Cocteau concocts an intellectual and hysterical brew out of the situation, explores it so thoroughly, in fact, that one eventually gets the feeling of viewing goings-on in a human hothouse. There are nerves rather than passions in the people of the play; the characters indulge in hysterics, sob bitterly, shriek at each other, and seem on the imminent verge of convulsions. There are moments when Cocteau's flickering cleverness lightens the atmosphere, but much of the time the play seems heavily scented and faintly embarrassing. There has already been a French movie made from the play, and I'm not at all sure this English effort is needed. Nevertheless, there are admirable, if stylized, performances given by Harold Warrender, Marian Spenser, and Ruth Dunning. Elsy Albiin is both pretty and distraught as the girl. And Russell Enoch, as the son, is a distinct improvement on Jean Marais, who was the French star of both play and movie.

—Hollis Alpert.

Can the Laughs

THERE are two ways to prepare a program for television.

One way is for the performers to appear in person on the night of the show after rehearsing all day till they are half dead. This is known as a "live" program.

The second way is to film the entire series and every week present the show as a motion picture. This, if you can stand the surprise, is known as a program on "film."

The argument which raged a year or two ago as to whether a show on film was better than a live telecast was never definitely resolved. For a while it was considered quite chic to do a show on film. Big stage and picture names condescended to try a shot on the new medium if they could film their shows. And some of the currently high-rated programs are on film. Film seemed to have won out in the struggle.

But lately a new note has crept into the controversy. Now at the conclusion of some of the live programs an announcer is heard proudly proclaiming for all the world to hear that "This program came to you LIVE from Radio City." Or "This has been a LIVE presentation from Hollywood." As though we were pinning a medal for courage on the program just heard.

And it does take a special brand of courage to present a television program live. Especially is this true of the live comedy shows, which depend for their success on the laughs garnered from studio audiences. There are no retakes here. They either laugh or they don't and the show rises or falls by what the performers do and by the way the audience reacts. On the other hand, there is something a little cowardly about the canned laughter which attends the slightest joke or facial expression on a filmed show.

If you haven't the slightest idea how those laughs are placed on the sound track of a filmed show then I'm your man to tell you. Because I'm not quite sure myself. But as I have heard it told by travelers from the West Coast there are three methods by which those loud laughs you always hear but seldom understand are woven into those filmed comedy shows.

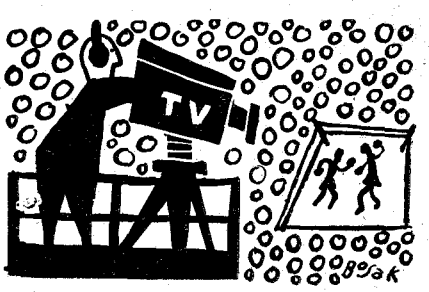
The first, and reasonable, way is to film the show in a studio before an audience and let the laughs fall where they may. This can obviously best be done only with a program which doesn't require a change of scene, time, or costume. The Groucho Marx program, for instance, is prepared this way. By using film and by filming a show which runs forty or forty-five minutes before a live audience the cutters can pick and choose the best of Groucho to fit the thirty-minute format. The laughs finally heard on this program are genuine and always deserved.

The second method is to film a show in a picture studio and then when the program is cut to its finished product it is shown in a television studio before an audience. Microphones are strategically placed throughout the audience to pick up their laughter. This laughter is recorded on the sound track of the show. Often, if the audience doesn't laugh where the producer thinks they should have, supplementary laughs are added here and there. This isn't too bad.

BUT the third method is the most irritating and the most cowardly of the lot. This is the program neither filmed before an audience nor shown to an audience after it is filmed. The laughter is entirely synthetic. When the film is complete the producer orders a gross of assorted yaks and boffs and sprinkles the whole sound track with a lacing of simpering snorts. No timing of jokes here. No reaction to jokes here. And most often no jokes here.

The proposition that comedy television shows need a studio audience's laughter to make home viewers enjoy a program is a carryover from radio. I never accepted the proposition in radio nor do I in television. I always say nobody has to laugh, canned or live, to let me know if a show is funny. That's what I always say. Of course, in the better advertising and network circles they're beginning to think of me as Wayne Morris, but I don't care.

—Goodman Ace.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Azuma Kabuki Dancers, Operatic Affairs, etc.

THE Kabuki Dancers and Musicians brought a variety of values with them in the program that introduced a New York audience in the Century Theater to the traditional art of Japan—colors that delighted the eye, sounds that engaged the ear, movement that fascinated both senses (there is a percussive element that punctuates with sound as well as with gesture). In all, however, it ranged rather narrowly, in regard to intensity, to rouse more than moderate interest for one not attuned to its subtleties and fine points.

As tends to be the case with such adaptations of Oriental art for Western display, the program varied folk dances with more formal dance dramas. I had some fear beforehand that the latter might be drawn out too long, but such was not the case. (Doubtless they had been thoughtfully abbreviated.) The "Lion Dance" ("Shakkyo"), "Dojoji" ("Dancing Girl at the Dojoji Temple"), and "Tsuchigumo" ("Dance of the Spider") all reached a climax within a reasonable time span, and with no lapse of interest. My feeling, however, was that for all the artistry they contained nothing, very much, really happened.

In terms of Western values, the accomplishments of Tokuho Azuma, most respected personality of the company, was most conspicuous in her portrayal of the "Dancing Girl" who has taken the form of a snake. The traditional divestment of dress, as she danced the several stages of woman's love, was engagingly accomplished, to show one costume more richly fabricated than another. Any eye could see, too, the artistry in the movement, the skill in the play of hand gestures, the magnificent control of facial muscles. Withal, the total impression was of an agreeable experience rather than a particularly stimulating one.

As a totality of music, vocalized speech, and movement, the program reached its high point in the "Spider" dance. Here the principal dancers were Kikunojo Onoe, who portrayed the ill Lord Raiko, and Masaya Fujima, who danced the spider who comes to him disguised as a priest, only to be revealed in his true identity, pursued, and eventually killed. However, even the rather ingenious suggestion of the spider casting his web over his pursuers did not bind the work together too successfully.

The musical portion of this dance, as of the others, was executed with absorbing precision by the dozen or so players of plucked, patted, and beaten instruments. In the purely musical numbers (one entitled "Nagare" or "Water Images," another called "O-Matsuribayashi" or "Festival Music") a considerable but orderly din was set up. More than this I couldn't possibly say.

ROSSINI'S "Barber of Seville," as the Metropolitan presents it, is fortunately in three acts (of which the first, and shortest, is actually but a part of an act in the original). The good fortune in this arrangement was apparent in the course of the current re-staging under the direction of Cyril Ritchard, for neither his direction nor the scenic design of Eugene Berman justified the work and expense involved until the first, romantic episode was over, and the comedy potboiler situation started to simmer. Then all was well. Ritchard had the touch to go with Berman's finely spacious interior for Dr. Bartolo's house, and Rudolf Bing had a comedic property to go with his "Fledermaus."

Of course, a really spirited playing of the overture and a swiftly suave Figaro to go with a lightvoiced Almaviva can make the first episode both gay and musically rewarding. Little of this was provided by Alberto Erede in the pit or Robert Merrill and Cesare Valetti on the stage. However, when they were joined by such a master farceur as Ferando Corena as Dr. Bartolo, and such apt aspirants as Cesare Siepi in the classic makeup of Don Basilio and Roberta Peters as a spirited, vocally virtuous Rosina, Ritchard had the kind of cogs to make the wheels of farce mesh. I thought he showed excellent discretion in preserving the best of traditional business (largely that related to Basilio in "La Calunnia") while doing away with most of the tired tricks we have been seeing for too long. This included much of the repetitious finale to act II, though he did not seem to know quite what to do to get this curtain down. However, he showed ample resource in the "Lesson Scene" of Act III to resolve the matter of direction decidedly in his favor. His own miming of the part of the servant Ambrogio added style to the stage.

Musically the execution under the direction of Erede could best be described as clean and well-schooled rather than pure, brilliant, or unbearably spirited. Miss Peters has some interesting ideas about Rosina which may crystalize in time to give off a sharper gleam than it presently has. Her execution, however, was immaculate in pitch and mostly tasteful in sound. (Purists may be interested to know that the Metropolitan is using the original form of the "Lesson Scene" with the air as written by Rossini, rather than the traditional interpolation of a show piece). Corena's work was sure, forceful, and sonorous, Siepi's response to Ritchard's direction of decided promise for his future. Valletti was a better singer in Act II than previously, and Merrill improved in proportion to the degree he was a figure in the ensemble rather than a performer striving to hold the center of the stage on his own. Jean Madeira sang her third-act solo (Berta's) with excellent effect.

Altogether, this "Barbiere" is handsomely laid out, well-stocked with talents that should improve rather than deteriorate, and destined for a long, serviceable, and probably profitable career in the Metropolitan repertory.

There are some singers to whom the peculiar conditions of space in the Metropolitan Opera House are more favorable than any they have encountered previously (Kirsten Flagstad was a sterling example), and Gino Penno, the Italian tenor who made his debut at a recent "Forza," may be one of them. That is to say, though he comes with a solid but not exceptional reputation, the bigness and power of his Alvaro suited the huge frame unexpectedly well. Moreover, Penno has some intelligent ideas about variety and contrast in vocal coloration which might offset a certain dryness in the voice. Thus far it has enough vibrance to characterize him as a singer rather than a shouter.

What rouses particular hope for Penno are his physique—he is an inch over six feet tall—and the promise of an acting skill not yet wholly developed. His part of "Solenne in quest'ora" was so affectingly sung as to wring an uncommonly feeling "Addio" from the Don Carlo of Leonard Warren. The evening also provided a first hearing for Herva Nelli as Leonora, an accomplishment on

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the whole creditable to her. Especially above the staff, and when the big Verdian climaxes develop, she has a feeling for line, and the vocal control to shape it, which are far from common. Her good appearance in the part could count for much if she develops more than rudimentary dramatic resource. Renato Cellini's direction could have been twice as assertive without being the least overbearing.

Jerome Hines added considerably to his artistic repute with his first Boris in the same eventful week as Penno's debut and the new "Barber." This was an uncommonly well-studied creation, in which Hines used his big voice and imposing presence as the solid foundation on which to build a characterization both individual and expressive. No other of the present, admirable group of impersonators has made so much of the word values of the text as Hines, including the other one of native speech, George London. Needless to say, one fall does not make a Boris (anymore than one swallow makes a spring), but with his natural advantages in the part, and the earnestness he has applied to it, Hines could rise to preeminence. In any case, the competition thus further stimulated should eliminate any complacency latent among Messrs. Siepi, London, *et al.*

THE orchestral week brought the first performance in America of one of the last works of Manuel de Falla —though no sensational "novelty," since it was first played in Argentina, where the composer was living at the time of his death, a dozen years ago. It is titled "Homages," and is made up of tributes to Debussy, Paul Dukas, Fernando Arbos, and the moving spirit of Spanish music, Felipe Pedrell.

It adds little to an evaluation of Falla, but I doubt that the Philharmonic-Symphony audiences heard all the values in the score. Dimitri Mitropoulos is hardly the intuitive colorist to give this kind of music definitive form.

On the Sunday program in this sequence Soriano (the Spanish Solomon, whose first name is Gonzalvo) played the Schumann concerto. He is a vigorous pianist of independent mind, but without the finesse or refinement for this music. Some of Mitropoulos's tempi were unbearably sentimental — though Soriano managed to bear them quite happily. A youngish man, lean, dark-haired, and good looking, he had a considerable success with the audience.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

NEW EDITIONS

Poets: "Thoughts Weighty with Meaning"

HERE are two volumes by poets who can well find satisfaction in the work they have done—"The Collected Poems of Padraic Colum (Devin-Adair, $5), and "Collected Poems" of Louise Townsend Nicholl (Dutton, $5). Colum's first book of verse appeared in 1907, Miss Nicholl's in 1939; most of the poems in his collection have been alive for a quarter of a century or more, while her gathering has been made at a time when she is writing fluently. Colum won fame early and has held his prize, thanks to a body of pure poetry that he has not seen fit to adulterate by production for production's sake. His feeling for the miracle of the commonplace is as strong as Wordsworth's, his eye for the ordinary as keen, and many homely details fill his lines; but his celebration of life takes its character from the Irish music that sings in his blood, the Irish mysticism that supports his soul, and the Irish legends that crowd behind him. His innocence is often only the surface aspect of profundity, and he knows how to pack small words with power. Miss Nicholl's art is more obviously studied, and her diction more elaborate; but she, too, is a pure poet in her own way, and something of a seer. Sensitive as she is to the images of the external world, they move her to turn her glance inward, to stare into the crystal of herself—to stare and wait, until new images arise to complement and lend depth to the original perceptions. At the outset she declares, "I am also one who must depend/ On sleep's immersion for my deepest sight/ And like a stick in water lean on light." But her introspective bent has yielded more and more, in her recent writing, to a determination to capture the phenomenal world.

Two additions to the Penguin Poets —a delightful series that travels lightly—are "Gerard Manley Hopkins," edited by W. H. Gardner, and "Keats," edited by J. E. Morpurgo (Penguin Books, 65¢ each). In the Hopkins book selections from the author's prose throw light upon his poetry; and Mr. Monpurgo's introduction reminds us of the brevity and difficulty of Keats's writing life—"All that matters of his work was produced in four years; in the first two of those years he was struggling with his own technical and intellectual inexperience, for the last he was racing with death."

In "The Philosophy of Santayana" (Scribner's, $6.50), edited and introduced by the right man for the job, Irwin Edman, we have selections from the work of a philosopher who combines the insights and consolations of poetry with a tough-minded view of man's place in nature. For him man is a "distracted and befuddled animal," existence is mutable, all life is but a progress towards death, events are determined by a confluence of accidents, society is not an organism but a concourse, and a good government has never existed and probably never can exist. But, for the individual who accepts his status, there is ample goodness to be had on earth. Speaking of poetry and philosophy, it was Descartes, surprisingly enough, who wrote: "It may seem strange that thoughts weighty with meaning come in the writing of poets rather than of philosophers." The remark is quoted in Norman Kemp Smith's "New Studies in the Philosophy of Descartes," published by St. Martin's Press along with "Descartes' Philosophical Writings," selected and translated by Professor Smith. These volumes ($5 each) comprise the best of introductions to one of the few thinkers who can truly be called universal—a philosopher who imposed his world-view on a century of thought. And, speaking of Santayana again, Morris Raphael Cohen—whose brilliant "Reason and Nature" has been reissued by The Free Press ($6)—describes "The Life of Reason" as "the richest philosophic classic produced on this side of the Atlantic." Here is praise that counts, for Cohen himself, perhaps the best defender of reason in an age of growing anti-rationalism, had one of the finest minds of our era.

Recommended, but only to the readers for whom they were published—"A Guide to the Principal Sources for Early American History (1600-1800) in the City of New York" (Columbia, $10), by Evarts B. Greene and Richard B. Morris; and "Three Classics of Italian Calligraphy" (Dover, $3.95), the writing books of Arrighi, Tagliente, and Palatino, with an introduction by Oscar Ogg.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Just Published

MANY of the volumes described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

BALANCHINE'S COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT BALLETS. By George Balanchine. Edited by Francis Mason. Doubleday & Co. $5.95. A thick soubise of ballet told in the words of the master dancer and choreographer. Included are his summaries of the great ballets, with production and historical notes, a history and appreciation of the ballet going back to the fifteenth century, and a short autobiography.

BETTY LEE. By Charlotte D. Tucker. The Macmillan Co. $3. A short account of the author's daughter, who was injured at birth by a cerebral hemorrhage and was never able to develop mentally.

BIGAMY JONES. By Frank X. Tolbert. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75. One from the Old West, about one Bigamy Jones who married some thirty wives and finally got his from the last, a lady with an inquisitive mind.

THE COBWEB. By William Gibson. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A first novel about a small clinic for nervous disorders in Nebraska to which comes a new assistant director and his bide-a-wee wife to find an alcoholic director, a lovely psychotherapist, all of which betokens a change of partners and plenty of nervous disorder.

CHILDREN FOR THE CHILDLESS. Edited by Morris Fishbein. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A collection of advisory essays for childless parents on adoption practices, artificial insemination, fertility, genetics, and the Mendelian law.

THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. Mr. Eliot's new verse play, now on Broadway, concerns, among other matters, mistaken identity, illegitimacy, the upper crust going sour, and enough polished verbiage to fill your cup to the brim.

THE DESPERATE HOURS. By Joseph Hayes. Random House. $3.50. A first novel, tailor-made for a TV or movie meller, about a respectable Indianapolis family which suddenly finds itself host to three escaped cons, and of the desperate hours of silence that pass before the police discover what's up, and the hoodlums are recanned.

FRUIT IN THE GARDEN. By Norman Taylor. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50. A complete dossier on how to grow fruit in your garden.

HERO DRIVER. By Alfred Coppel. Crown Publishers. $3. The first of *this* year's crop of novels about auto-racing concerns a devil-may-care fellow who has a bed arrangement with his employer's wife, and who also has a chick, or the memory of a chick, he had known back in Paree. She turns up just before the big race, gives him the cold shoulder, he is found with his boss's wife by his boss, and then comes the race. . . .

THE HOUSE OF GAIR. By Eric Linklater. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. A new chiller from an old master of such. This one concerns a writer who stumbles upon a secluded spider who had been quite a name in the Nineties. Blackmail, murder, and creaking stairs ensue, until the strings are pulled tight and the play is done.

JAPAN AND AMERICA: From Earliest Times to the Present. By Lawrence H. Battistini. The John Day Co. $3. A survey, by the author of last year's "Introducing Asia," of American-Japanese relations since Admiral Perry first set foot in Japan over a hundred years ago.

LIVING YOUR LATER YEARS. By Kenneth Walker. Oxford University Press. $3.50. The views of a distinguished British surgeon, himself in his seventies, on how people should spend their hours and days once they have passed sixty-five and the peak of their capacities.

THE MAIDS AND DEATHWATCH. By Jean Genet. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. Grove Press. $4.95. Two plays, more or less about sexual deviation among the sexes, by the famed French writer who has spent much time in prison, is illegitimate, and has been praised by Sartre, Gide, Claudel, and Cocteau.

MASTER OF THE *DAUNTLESS*. By Frank Robb. Longmans, Green & Co. $3. A story, for salts young and old, told through flashback of the last cruise of the fishing boat *Dauntless* destroyed in a storm with a full cargo which would have gotten its owners out of the red. The setting is the waters around South Africa.

MEDIEVAL ESSAYS. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward. $3.50. A collection of essays on medieval history, including studies of the literary sources of the *chansons de geste*, fourteenth-century mysticism, the Arabic influences on the art of the troubadors, and the Oriental background of medieval culture.

MOSCOW. By Theodor Pliever. Translated by Stuart Hood. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. A novel translated from the German, about the disastrous failure of the German armies to take Moscow and Russia in the last war.

THE NAKED LAND. By Hammond Innes. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. Into this brew have been put a missionary, a Czech doctor, a smuggler, a Berber agitator, and the police, all of whom bubble nicely, and are then poured over the French Moroccan landscape of desert, bony mountains, and dark Tangier.

ON EDUCATION AND FREEDOM. By Harold Taylor. Abeland-Schuman. $4. A series of essays on higher education in America today—the role of the college president and teacher, the education of women, the "conservatism" of Harvard and Chicago, the creative arts and education, academic freedom, and Communism—by the outspoken president of Sarah Lawrence College.

PATTERNS OF INDUSTRIAL BUREAUCRACY. By Alvin W. Gouldner. The Free Press. $4.50. A study of bureaucracy within industry, as illustrated at a gypsum plant and in its surrounding community. The author is professor of sociology at Antioch.

PERSONA GRATA. By Cecil Beaton and Kenneth Tynan. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. One hundred photographs by the glass of fashion, with accompanying Wildeian text by Mr. Tynan. The subjects are from the hautmonde of the arts, and include Peggy Ashcroft, Jean Anouilh, the Lunts, Sir Laurence Olivier, Cole Porter, the Sitwells, Graham Greene, George Jean Nathan, and Orson Welles.

NO OTHER GODS. By Wilder Penfield. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A first novel, based partly on sections of the Old Testament, about Abram and Sarai in their youth in the city of Ur, and of how Abram finally left the city, as a scholar and priest, to lead his people into the land of Canaan, where they could worship one God.

PERSPECTIVES USA: 6. Edited by R. P. Blackmur. The Viking Press. $1.50. No. Six of the Ford Foundation-sponsored magazine. This one includes criticism by William Troy and Francis Fergusson, fiction by Herbert Gold, poetry by Allen Tate, and other material by Reinhold Niebuhr, Allen Tate, and Edward T. Cone.

POEMS. By James T. Shotwell. Simon & Schuster. $2. A first book of poems by the leading historian-philosopher.

THE PROPHET ARMED. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. $6. A biography of Trotsky, by the author of the well-received "Stalin: A Political Biography."

SAND AGAINST THE WIND. By Lewis Arnold. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. Thick pea soup about twin sisters: one ugly, one beautiful. The ugly one becomes a doctor and one day decides to do away with her sister, who has fallen sick. A change of heart blows into her pinched soul, however, and she cures her sister, and as self-punishment hies herself off to exile in an African leper colony.

SHE CAME TO STAY. By Simone de Beauvoir. World Publishing Co. $5. A novel, no less, by the Susan B. Anthony of France. It's about a triangular love affair, involving an actor, male; his partner-in-sin, lo these many years, who is a novelist; and a young girl from Rouen, who comes to stay with them and, as it turns out, wants to possess *everybody*.

THEY NEVER TALKED BACK. By Henry Trefflich and Baynard Kendrick. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. An unwinding of the career of Henry Trefflich, owner of Trefflich's Pet Department Store in New York, wherein are told his adventures buying and selling animals—animals that have ranged from anteaters to that old rascal the wildebeest.

THEY WENT WRONG. By Croswell Bowen. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3. A collection of first-rate case studies of criminals and their backgrounds, some of which ran in *The New Yorker*.

REMEMBER ME. By Barbara Collard. Funk & Wagnalls. $3. An English novel, proving that things are the same all over, about the tortures and eventual death—through accident—of a nymphomaniac. The story is told through the eyes of a friend.

THE ROYAL FAMILY. By Pierre Berton. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75. A history, sprinkled with boudoir peeks, anthropological overtones, political meanings, and anecdotes aplenty, of the present English ruling family, which, of course, was started by Victoria and Prince Albert.

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. The first volume of a mellow critic's autobiography. In it, Mr. Brooks tells us of his well-cushioned childhood in New Jersey, of the days at Harvard, where he met Maxwell Perkins, and of the frequent transatlantic trips in the company of that gentleman, and of people like John Hall Wheelock, Ned Sheldon, etc.

STUDIES IN THE SCOPE AND METHOD OF "THE AUTHORITARIAN PERSONALITY." Edited by Richard Christie and Marie Jahoda. The Free Press. $4.50. Six essays published as a collateral work to "The Authoritarian Personality," which was a study of anti-Semitism.

A SUMMONING OF STONES. By Anthony Hecht. The Macmillan Co. $2.50. A collection of poems by a younger poet noted for his breadth of technique.

TEXANA. By Robert Mirvish. William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A novel by the author of "A House of Her Own," which uses the big nitrate explosion of 1950 in the Gulf port of Texana as its background. In the foreground is a tale of an Apache Indian-Irish girl who was once a whore, divorces two husbands in the course of the book, and finally settles down with a third to run a waterfront saloon.

THE TWENTY YEAR REVOLUTION: From Roosevelt to Eisenhower. By Chesly Manly. Henry Regnery Co. $4. A cold blast of Midwestern air from the U.N. correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, who feels that the Administrations of the past twenty years have put us well on the road to Communism and total disaster. Among the responsibles: FDR, Acheson, Marshall, Hiss, A. & J. Dulles, etc. The remedy: Col. McCormick's ultra-isolationist "America Party."

YACHT RACING RULES AND TACTICS. By Gordon C. Aymar. D. Van Nostrand Co. $5. Rules, regulations, tactics, manners, and morals of sailboat racing. Copiously illustrated. —W. B.

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SR's World Travel Calendar

APRIL, MAY, JUNE

Austria

CONCERTS *(Vienna):* Lieder recitals: Carla Dragica Martinis, April 22; Wolfgang Windgassen, May 13.

EASTER PLAY *(Innsbruck, Apr. 14-20):* Dates from 1391.

FAIR *(Graz, Apr. 30-May 5):* Annual Spring Trade Fair.

FOLK FESTIVAL *(Zell-am-Ziller, Tyrol, May 2):* Costume parade, dancing, singing bands, wrestling.

VIENNA MUSIC FESTIVAL *(Vienna, May 29-June 20:* State Opera, Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, State Theatre.

CORPUS CHRISTI *(Hallstatt, June 17):* Procession of decorated boats.

Belgium

FAIR *(Brussels, Apr. 24-May 9):* The 28th International Fair in Centenary Palace.

PROCESSION OF HOLY BLOOD *(Bruges, May 3):* Shrine containing few drops of Christ's blood paraded through streets.

"NEGEMEIMARKT" *(Ghent, May 9):* Ancient Fair of the Ninth of May; pilgrimage.

MOTOR RACE *(Chimay, June 6):* Grand Prix des Frontières for autos, motorcycles.

PAGEANT *(Mons, June 13):* Annual revival of traditional fight between St. George and the Dragon.

"LE FIERTEL" *(Renaix, June 13):* Religious procession covers twenty-three mile route.

Britain

FOOTBALL *(Glasgow, Apr. 3):* Scotland vs. England in famous traditional contest.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL *(Stratford-Upon-Avon, Apr. 3-Oct. 30):* "Othello," "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew," "Troilus and Cressida" scheduled.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR *(London and Birmingham, May 3-14):* Light, heavy industries.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Hastings, May 4-9; Bath, May 22-June 5; Aldeburgh, June 12-20; Glyndebourne, June 10-July 27, tentative.)*

CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW *(London, May 19-21.)*

ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW *(Windsor, May 20-22.)*

ROYAL TOURNAMENT *(London, June 2-29)*

THE DERBY *(Epsom Downs, June 5.)*

ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR *(London, June 9-24.)*

TROOPING THE COLOR *(London, June 10):* The Queen's official birthday; big public ceremony at Horse Guards Parade.

MYSTERY PLAYS FESTIVAL *(York, June 13-July 4.)*

ROYAL ASCOT *(Ascot, June 15-18):* Royal family usually attends; important social event.

TENNIS *(Wimbledon, June 21-July 3):* All England Lawn Tennis Championship.

ROYAL REGATTA *(Henley, June 30-July 3):* American teams usually participate in this international rowing event.

Canada

COCKER SPANIEL SHOW *(Toronto, Apr. 3.)*

DOG SHOW *(Ottawa, Apr. 30-May 1.)*

DOMINION DRAMA FESTIVAL *(Hamilton, May 9-15.)*

INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR *(Toronto, May 31-June 11.)*

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL *(Stratford, June 28-Aug. 21.):* "Measure for Measure," "Oedipus Rex," "Taming of the Shrew." James Mason to star in first two plays.

Denmark

FAIR *(Copenhagen, Apr. 2-11):* Consumer goods, textiles, clothing, sports articles.

TIVOLI GARDENS OPEN *(Copenhagen, May 1- Sept. 11.)*

FUN FAIR *(Copenhagen, May 1.)*

CHILDREN'S AID FESTIVAL *(Copenhagen, May 13):* Music, processions, carnival.

ROYAL DANISH BALLET FESTIVAL *(Copenhagen, May 24-31):* Classical and modern ballet.

VIKING FESTIVAL *(Frederikssund, June 5-7.)* Cast of 400 in pageant.

HAMLET FESTIVAL *(Elsinore, about June 7-17.)*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT *(Nationwide, June 23.)*

Finland

FAIR *(Helsinki, Apr. 2-11):* Great spring fair.

SPRING FESTIVALS *(Nationwide, May 1.)*

SIBELIUS FESTIVAL *(Helsinki, June 10-18):* The seven Sibelius symphonies to be played.

LUMBERJACKS CHAMPIONSHIP *(Rovaniemi, June 24.)*

France

FILM FESTIVAL *(Cannes, Apr. 1-9):* Seventh international festival.

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Nantes, May 3-12; Bordeaux, May 18-30; Marseille, May 27-June 7 (ballet); Fontainebleau, June 11-20; Strasbourg, June 11-20; Angers, June 13-20; Arras, June 16-20; Lyon-Charbonnieres, June 18-July 8; Bourges, June 25-27; Casals Festival, Prades, June 14-July 4, tentative.)*

FAIR *(Strasbourg May 14-June 7.)*

PILGRIMAGE *(Sts.-Maries-de-la-Mer, May 22-24):* Annual religious celebration of gypsies.

FOUNTAIN DISPLAYS *(Versailles, May 23; June 6, 20, 27.)* Dates to be verified.

D-DAY ANNIVERSARY *(Annelles, St. Mere Eglise, June 6:* Salute tenth anniversary of landings.

GRAND PRIX RACES *(Paris):* Prix de Diane, June 6; Prix du Jockey Club, June 13; Grand Steeplechase de Paris, June 20; Grand Prix de Paris, June 27.

Germany

"PHOTOKINA," *(Cologne, Apr. 3-11):* Photography, cinema exhibition.

AVIATION EXPOSITION *(Frankfurt, Apr. 10-14.)*

GERMAN INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Hanover, Apr. 25-May 4.)*

AUTO RACES *(Lake Constance, Apr. 22-25; Wiesbaden, May 12-16; The Nürburgring, May 23; Grand Prix of Berlin, May 27; Travemünde, June 3-6.)*

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Wiesbaden Opera Festival, May; Beethoven Festival Bonn, May 22-31; World Music Festival, Düsseldorf, May 30-June 17; Operetta Festival, Koblenz, June 28-Sept. 12.)*

PAGEANT *(Rothenburg, June 7):* Presentation of the historic "Master Draught."

FILM FESTIVAL *(Berlin, June 8-29):* Fourth international.

Holland

TULIP TIME *(Lisse, Apr. 1-May 15):* Flower show at "Kuekenhof."

"AMSTELFLORA" *(Amsterdam Apr. 1-4):* Indoor exhibition of spring flowers.

INDUSTRIES FAIR *(Utrecht, Apr. 1-8):* The 62nd annual; more than 4,000 exhibitors.

CHEESE MARKET *(Alkmaar, Apr. 30-Sept. 24):* Public sales on Fridays.

HOLLAND FESTIVAL *(Amsterdam, The Hague, Scheveningen, June 15-July 15):* "Otello," "The Magic Flute," choral concerts by Netherlands Bach Society, ballet, drama.

Ireland

AN TOSTAL *(Nationwide, Apr. 18-May 9):* "Ireland at Home," celebrated with flower festival, traditional Gaelic events, pageants, dances, dramas.

HORSE RACING *(The Curragh):* Irish 1,000 and 2,000 Guineas in mid-May, followed by the Irish Derby, June 23.

FEIS *(Dublin, May 17-22):* Music, drama, art.

IRISH OPEN *(Killarney, June 13-20):* For men, women golfers.

AUTO RUN *(Dublin, June 21):* Veteral Car Rally.

Israel

PASSOVER *(Nationwide, Apr. 18-24):* Second Seder for tourists in Jerusalem.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(May 9):* Parades, speeches.

FESTIVAL CONGRESS OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC *(Haifa, May 28-June 8):* Israel Philharmonic Orchestra concerts; also in Jerusalem.

Italy

MUSIC PRIZES *(Rome, Apr. 5-15):* Competition for twelve composers of several nations.

HOLY WEEK *(Apr. 11-18):* Passion plays, pageants, in Acireale, Assisi, Caltanisetta, Florence, Francavilla di Sicilia, Genoa, Grassina, Rome, Sezze, Trapani.

SAMPLES FAIR *(Milan, Apr. 12-28):* Last two days set aside for foreign visitors.

Mexico

FIESTA *(Aguascalientes, Apr. 25-May 5).* Bullfights, native dancing, singing.

CINCO DE MAYO *(Nationwide, May 5):* Biggest celebration in Mexico City salutes victory in 1862.

STS. JOHN and PETER *(Tehuantepec, June 24-29):* Six-day party links feast days of two saints.

Norway

WEDDINGS *(Lapland, Apr. 15).*

BERGEN FESTIVAL *(Bergen, June 1-15):* Oslo Philharmonic, Vegh String Quartet, folk dancing, singing. Eugene Ormandy, Nathan Milstein, Jussi Bjorling, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

MIDSUMMER *(Nationwide, June 23, 24).*

Spain

HOLY WEEK *(Apr. 11-18):* Pageants at Granada, Malaga, Seville, Valladolid.

FAIR *(Seville, Apr. 27-May 2):* The most important fair in Spain. Bullfights, parades, dancing in the streets.

Sweden

AUTO SHOW *(Stockholm, Apr. 1-4).*

WALPURGIS NIGHT *(Nationwide, Apr. 30).*

STOCKHOLM FESTIVAL *(Stockholm, June 2-9:* Handel's "Orlando Furioso"; ballet.

FLAG DAY *(Stockholm, June 6):* Royal family usually participates in ceremonies.

MIDSUMMER *(Nationwide, June 25, 26):* Dancing, folk music.

USA

SUNRISE SERVICE *(Apr. 18 Easter):* Long-established religious observances at Hollywood Bowl, Riverside, and San Diego, Calif.; Grand Canyon, Ariz.; Winston-Salem, N. C.; Atlantic City, N. J.; Hill Cumorah, near Palmyra, N. Y.

KENTUCKY DERBY *(Louisville, Ky., May 1).*

ASPEN INSTITUTE *(Aspen, Colo., June 28-Sept. 5):* Discussions, lectures, concerts.

Yugoslavia

FOLKLORE, FLOWER FESTIVAL *(Opatija, June 19.)*

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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A Day at the Races

Horse inspects helicopter at Hialeah—"pretty spiffy place."

FOLDING the *Morning Telegraph* in the pocket of our linen jacket we sauntered over to the Miami Beach auditorium the other day, boarded a helicopter, and went whooshing off to Hialeah, the world's most beautiful racetrack.

It isn't our regular practice to inhabit the tracks, and we could count on the fingers of one hand the times we have been and still have a number of digits left over. There was the occasion when we went to visit the layout at Bowie when we were fifteen, watched our adult companion drop a double sawbuck, and decided then and there that there were better things to be done with twenty dollars. We have also been to Longchamps or Auteuil, we can't remember which, on Sunday afternoons, where a man can place a thirty-cent bet and ogle the Ali Khan in a gray topper and the chic ladies done up in the best efforts of the local couturiers. We are probably the last of the big spenders.

The thing that got us to go to Hialeah was the fact that National Airlines had just instituted helicopter service from the middle of Miami Beach, and also that we had never been to Hialeah, a place economically described by Sir Winston Churchill as "strawdinreh."

Boarding the helicopter we found the other six seats occupied by gentlemen who themselves were occupied with scratch-sheets, such being analytical studies for the picking of winners. They were making little tick marks on the scratch-sheets and hardly noticed when a uniformed attendant closed the door, the big blades began to rotate, and suddenly we were moving straight up in the air. "They're off!" somebody said, looking down at the wheels. The gentlemen dropped their scratch-sheets and reached for their binoculars. It was a false start, for what they saw was not horses, but the jagged concrete wall of all the Miami Beach hotels. We were rising like a toy balloon that had slipped free of a child's fingers, sailing over the ninth tee of the Bay Shore Municipal Golf Course. A golfer about to make a drive dropped his club and looked up at us, but he didn't believe it. We were soon over the Venetian Islands, perfect man-made ovals in Biscayne Bay, and you could see the square swimming-pools of blue and green appended to the palm-fringed shanties below.

It took us just three minutes to span the bay that separates Miami from Miami Beach, but the men with the pencils had long since gone back to the scratch-sheets. Time was awasting. In six minutes we had spotted the track with its long pond and its flock of flamingos. Traffic was lined up halfway to Havana, waiting for the light to change. At the heliport we were just seven minutes and fifty-seven seconds out of Miami Beach, an excursion that normally requires an hour and a half if you come by car.

A station-wagon picks up helicopter passengers at the heliport and whisks them up to the front entrance. "More Cadillacs here than there are at the factory," our seat companion opined as we passed the parking field. Valets in white jumpers and green jockey hats park your car for you as you mount the escalator to the clubhouse. Hialeah's attendants are all done up in blue blazers, red rose in the buttonhole, white flannels, white shoes, and a peaked hat. Ladies may not appear in slacks and in the clubhouse gentlemen must wear their jackets. It is a pretty spiffy place to lose your money.

Hialeah will not countenance a collection of touts, and all the tout sheets are sold at the door by one blue-blazered, red rose-budded, white-flanneled attendant. Since tout cards, which give forecasts by professional pickers, are apparently prone to counterfeit, I noticed that "Clocker Jack Rowe" and Dan Carter "World's Foremost Handicapper" both print their photographs on the card with the legend "Not Genuine Without this Photo." By far the most elaborate explanations are supplied by Charles Bussey. His green card carries the following legend:

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CHAS. BUSSEY'S Photo

Who never misrepresents

Being a handicapper of no mean reputation ourselves we figured it this way: since we had come by helicopter there seemed no other choice in the first race than Last Helio. And since we had whizzed over from Miami Beach in a new world's record we picked Presto running in the second. We played them in the daily double. Although the first race was three furlongs long, a mere matter of three-eighths of a mile, we are sad to report we could have gotten all the way back to Miami Beach in National's helio in the time it took Last Helio to reach the finish line. And if there was one thing Presto was not in, it was a hurry.

We were somewhat compensated

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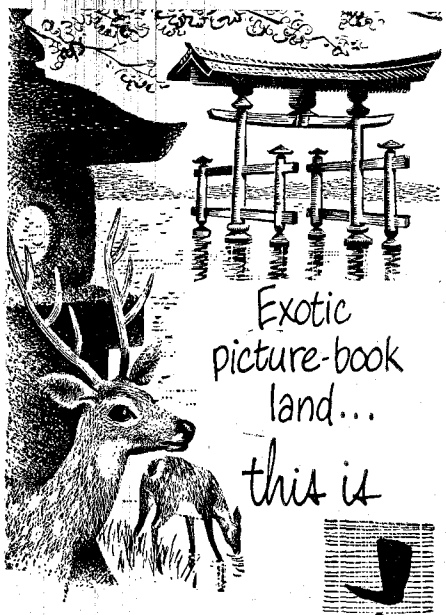

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for the loss of two bucks by being privileged to watch the race from the press box, and let us tell you about *that.* Well, box is hardly the word for it, as it is really a cushy house overlooking the finish line. A long window runs parallel to the track and the gentlemen of the working press stand up for each race in special grooves each of which is labeled with their own name. Two bands of glass protect them from inclement weather, if any. Once the race is over the horse writer retires from his groove to his own desk, where he knocks out a few words about it, hands these to a telegrapher, and then retires to a free-lunch counter in the corner. We certainly wish we had heard about this line of work earlier in our career.

It takes one million dollars of change for the betting windows to open for business every day, and although Hialeah only operates as a race track for seven weeks of the winter, it attracts just as many people during the remaining forty-seven weeks when it is merely a beautiful park. Over 600,000 people stopped by last year when there wasn't a horse within miles of the place. Hialeah was rebuilt into the *strawdinreh* establishment it is today by Joseph E. Widener, who was, among other things, a noted landscape artist.

If you were to hang in midair over Hialeah's center field, say in a helicopter, you would see a thirty-two-acre lake with four islands. The northernmost island is shaped like Florida and the southernmost is inhabited by the colony of flamingos. Unless you are a flamingo you can't get within seventy-five yards of the flock. If you tried to count them with the aid of high-powered glasses you would probably come up with a sum of about 700 and also a dizzy headache. The flamingos are fed a dish of cooked rice, dried shrimp, and ground dogbiscuit which is cooked in the track's flamingo kitchens near the heliport. The food is mixed with water and deposited in a metal trough of special construction, since flamingos eat by turning their heads upside-down under water. The water drains out of a grill which is built into all normal flamingos, and the birds swallow the food. If there is an easier way nature didn't think of it.

Trout, bream, and catfish also live in the infield waters, and observers claim to have spotted alligators, too, although how they got there without having to cross the race track and the public park I would rather not think about. Swans and ducks share the lake with the flamingos, which also functions as a sanctuary for migratory wild birds down from the north, and not just during the racing season either. —HORACE SUTTON.

No Coronation in '54

. . . THENK YOW

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article appeared on the front page of* Variety's *290-page anniversary issue. Of essential interest to travelers to Britain during the approaching season, it is reprinted here for those outside the realm of show business who might have missed it, and for those within who were unable to lift the anniversary issue.*

By RICHARD MEALAND

IN ENGLAND women do not chatter. They natter, or have a natter.

The English do not normally like anything overpublicized. This makes it difficult for advertising agencies, sponsored television, motion-picture publicists, rising politicians, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., salesmen, debutantes, film stars, Palladium headliners, CinemaScope, Riviera party-givers, Communism, American necktie man-

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ufacturers, and Great Lovers. There are a few exceptions, but only a few. The Royal Family, the Comet jet, Mt. Everest, Sir Winston Churchill, Guinness, and Schweppes.

They applaud understatement. This endears them to Bing Crosby and Jack Benny, the throwaway joke, anybody who stammers, the dirty old raincoat, small cars, backroom scientists, Rose Murphy, deafmutes, Manx cats, shy murderers, gentlemen burglars, and stiff-upper-lips.

They never say: pip-pip, by Jove, what-ho, toodle-oo, cheerie-bye, and all that sort of rot, don'tcha know. They say: get cracking, okay, cheero, righto, good show, bloody, ruddy, sticky, ducky, and I couldn't care less. When they wish to sound slightly whimsical, which is often, they use "me" instead of "my."

They still use rhyming slang. A screen test, for instance, is an Edna Best. To disguise it still further, they omit the rhyme and call it an Edna.

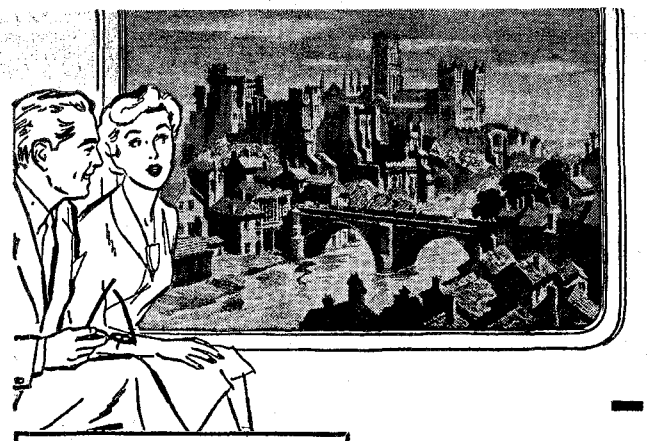
Cricket lingo is either inordinately poetic or gibberish. To "bowl a maiden over" does not mean anything like what it appears to mean. Few things in England do. A wicket is three sticks with a peg on top. On the other hand, a wicket is the grassy space between two wickets. A pitcher is a bowler, a bowler a derby. The Derby is a race, pronounced darby.

The English are great admirers of American slang but even the cleverest of them cannot imitate it perfectly. They went mad about Damon Runyon some fifteen years ago, and Princess Margaret went to see "Guys and Dolls" three times last summer. One of their most popular writers—who was also one of their worst—the late Peter Cheyney, got his reputation by attempting to use the American idiom. It was terrible, full of reckons and gats and molls and get this, see?

But some English slang is as terse and as effective as American equivalents. I like their words "smashing" and "smasher." "Gravelled" is as good as "browned off." "Come off it" equals "Be your age." Cockney slang is even richer and more comical; it is also practically unintelligible. Spelling it out phonetically gives no conception of its variety.

As for Gaelic and Welsh, they are distinct languages, still widely spoken. Irish Gaelic is, however, more alive than Scottish Gaelic. Cornish has almost disappeared; it is not Gaelic, and it can be understood across the Channel by the French. As for English, there are as many accents as there are counties. Yorkshire is different from Lancashire, and the Somerset man sounds his r's as sharply as they do in Ioway.

British ailments are fewer and



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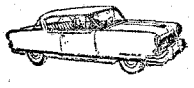

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simpler than American illnesses. Everybody here seems to have had either gout or jaundice. A chill is the most common trouble. You can have a chill on your big toe, your liver, your nose, your lung, or all over. This doesn't necessarily mean that you or your particular organ quake from frigidity. What it does mean exactly I have never been able to find out. Some people go to bed when they have it, others don't. When members of the Royal Family are indisposed they are usually said to be suffering from a slight chill. This alarms no one.

To the British all American beer tastes the same, and it's not beer, it's lager. The best restaurants serve lager, but not beer. Beer is drunk in pubs, and it is bitter, ale, or stout. Ale is pale, medium, brown, or dark. If you just ask for a glass of beer in a pub, you'll get bitter. And if you want it cold, they'll put the ice into it, if they have any ice.

British money seems to be hopelessly confusing to the American visitor, although really it is quite simple. A pound is a quid. A guinea is a pound plus a shilling. There is no such thing as a guinea, however, except when you buy something; you then find that your purchase costs a number of shillings more than you thought it did. A sovereign is a pound in the form of gold. It is worth more on the Continent than you can get for it in England, consequently there is a brisk manufacture of same in various cellars of France and Italy. Any old gold will do, but the expert will always demand unalloyed sovereigns. They are legal tender in England, but if you try to pass one they will ask you where you got it and how come. This is dangerous.

A penny is a large copper cartwheel which wears holes in pockets. Hence, British pockets are made of better material than American pockets. Twelve pennies make a shilling. A shilling is a bob. Two bobs make a florin, but you never say florin and you never say bobs. You say two bob. Two and a half of these bobs make a half crown. But there is no such thing as a crown in everyday use. If you had a pocketful of crowns, if there were any crowns, your pants would fall off.

The British are very polite. They express their thanks on the slightest provocation and in a dozen different ways. A few of them say thank you, quite clearly and unmistakably. But the rest of them say: kew, thenk yow, thankenee, thankee, nkyew, kuesir, kewsa, kewmum, kewmiss, or ta.

Come to Britain next summer. No Festival. No Coronation. And beef is back.

Oratory

Continued from page 12

is the best solution of this problem: to learn a speech by paragraphs, but have on hand such headings, or sentence-beginnings, as will set you back on the track if you get lost.

Not everybody, of course, can memorize a speech. And not everybody, having memorized one, can say it naturally. This requires a peculiar talent, or a special training, akin to that of an actor. I am not, therefore, giving advice to every amateur who has to make a speech. I am discussing the great art of oratory. And I think the failure to distinguish it from the gift of gab is a chief cause of the decline of this noble art.

ANOTHER disastrous notion is that to be impressive one must speak slowly. Most Americans who consider themselves important speak more slowly when they address an audience than they do in lively conversation. And a good half of them retard the action still further by inserting an "ur" between every third or fourth word. This is supposed to suggest heavy meditation, a portentous feeling-of-the-way toward some original and portentous idea. What it does suggest to an audience brought up on lullabies is sleep. Nothing is more fatal to lucid communication than to allow your listener to run circles in the surrounding brush while waiting for each step in your argument to be taken.

"Compel yourself to talk fast" is the motto with which lessons in oratory should begin. There are two reasons for this. One is that it will keep the audience awake. (The amount of energy wasted trying to keep awake at public meetings in America would turn all the dynamos in the country.) The other is that it will keep the orator awake. And that, after all, is the principal thing.

A great speech is a feat of intellect, action, literary art, and practised memory. It cannot be performed in a lethargy, or by one who thinks the wholehearted performance of it is beneath his dignity. It cannot be performed impromptu except on the rarest occasions and by those trained in the careful preparation of it. And it cannot be performed by a man talking into a tin cup at the top of a hitching post.

If these three facts were generally acknowledged there might be a revival under new conditions of the dying art of oratory. There would at least be an occasional relief from the excruciating boredom suffered by people who attend public meetings.

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THE FINE ARTS

Edouard Vuillard

"L'Intérieur à l'Etang-la-Ville," by Edouard Vuillard—"the home was (his) castle."

TODAY, when in America and Europe many leading younger painters prefer to use huge canvases, there is perhaps some point in remembering that among the finest works of art produced in modern times are the tiny, early pictures of Edouard Vuillard (1868-1940). The quality of these little paintings, chiefly of apartment interiors, has long been appreciated in Paris and sometimes here by collectors of exceptional perceptivity like Duncan Phillips. But their international fame has risen steadily since the artist's death. Now a number of the best of them have been borrowed from public and private collections for the retrospective Vuillard show, currently on display at the Cleveland Museum of Art and later to be shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, director of the exhibition and author of a fine, accompanying monograph on Vuillard (Simon & Schuster, distributors: $3.50 in cloth, $2.50 paperbound) must have faced a difficult decision in concentrating the show and book on Vuillard's early works. No critic likes to truncate a painter's creative span without inescapable cause, and Vuillard's career was long and active. Yet those who saw the big retrospective exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris in 1938 will agree, I think, that Mr. Ritchie has done the painter's memory a service by restricting the later section of the show to a few carefully chosen works.

At the Paris retrospective, Vuillard, selecting the pictures himself, often seemed academic, weak, and overblown. In his present American show he appears as a supreme magician working with limited homely props.

Vuillard's professional career began in 1889, when he joined Maurice Denis, Paul Sérusier, Pierre Bonnard, and others to form a group whose members called themselves "the Nabis"—meaning, in Hebrew, "the prophets." Gauguin's art and Mallarmé's symbolist poetry were strong influences on the group and the intellectual ferment was intense, though Vuillard seems to have been noted among his colleagues for his shy, mocking truculence. He did not, one gathers, have the taste for declamation enjoyed by Sérusier and, especially, Denis. A deep sense of privacy was fundamental both to his personality and to his art.

DURING his early career Vuillard regarded the family apartment (where he lived with his mother, as a bachelor, until her death in 1928, when he was sixty) as a sanctuary from the outer world. In his art of the 1890's, the apartment often becomes a haven in which beloved relatives and friends perform a shadow play of hide-and-seek, sidling behind screens and tables (see illustration), merging in contour with household furnishings and pets, so that sometimes their outlines are almost as hard to trace as those in cubist works of twenty years later. But the silhouettes of Vuillard's figures are seldom black; instead they are extraordinarily subtle in their rich dappled color and their sensitivity to surrounding light. By use of a thoroughly personal kind of louvered perspective—planes of color flatly juxtaposed yet suggesting their proper distance through atmospheric and tonal shifts—Vuillard created an art of incalculable mystery and enchantment.

He made pictorial drama out of the most commonplace intimacies of French bourgeois home life. The middle-class Parisian apartment was his stage; his scenario consisted of the trivia of family devotion. His interpretation, however, far transcends sentimentality and arrives at a quiet, condensed grandeur with immense carrying power, like the most trained of stage whispers. The home was emphatically Vuillard's castle—for creative purposes.

This fact makes the more striking his friendship with Toulouse-Lautrec, who was his opposite in every emotional direction open to amateur analysis. Lautrec had little if any veneration for his household. On the contrary, he could not wait to be free of it, to slam its door behind him and walk out to the streets, nightclubs, and brothels where at last he could find warmth and the brief, treacherous repose of dissipation. Remembering his father's brutality and his

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mother's hurt solicitude, which he adored and wanted to assuage, Lautrec was at home only in public places, where emotion was bought, paid for, and hence constant—at least by the process of simulation. That Lautrec and Vuillard found much to talk about, remains a mystery. Except, of course, that both were artists of the first rank in the same decade. Moreover, they shared an interest in the theatre, and Vuillard designed sets for theatrical performances from which Lautrec staggered on to graver pleasures and Vuillard, one assumes, went dutifully home.

VUILLARD's lifelong devotion to his brother-in-law, K.-X. Roussel, whose feeble paintings have obscured the virtues of his best prints, and to Pierre Bonnard, is easier to understand. Like himself they came from bourgeois families, and had no background of aristocratic blood and eccentricity as did Lautrec. All three were steady, hard-working artists to whom Lautrec's fevers were entirely alien. Yet whereas Bonnard joyfully accepted his social heritage and from it created an imagery of growing splendor throughout his long life, Vuillard after 1900 began to lose his bearings in the labyrinthine society of Paris. Success had come early to him, and presently he was deluged with commissions to paint portraits of fashionable clients seated or standing amid the bric-a-brac of their prosperity. "These new interiors," Mr. Ritchie points out, "larger, more elegant than those of his own home, seem to have demanded at once an increase in the scale of his panels or canvases. The old world of his own rooms and those of his sister, Mme. Roussel, because they were so intimately known, so long-studied, could be compressed into a compass no bigger than ten by twelve inches. And by their very compression the intensity of their mysterious quality of intimacy was tremendously heightened. On the contrary, when he came to paint the interior of a client's house, one of his new-found fashionable friends, he found himself bound to relax his gifts of concentration, and in relaxing he enlarged his pictures accordingly."

It is not scale alone that weakens the impact of the newer pictures. Whereas prior to 1900 Vuillard had made superb use of proto-abstract elisions and distortions, he now became more and more interested in abundant realism of detail—so much so that one of his more illustrious clients asked her maid to remove her medicine before sitting for him, "because M. Vuillard puts in everything he sees." Some of these later portraits-in-interiors, as Mr. Ritchie declares, are remarkably fine in their technical virtuosity. One may find in them passages which recall such masters of light and surface as Vermeer and Chardin. But the imprint of unforgettable originality is gone. It is replaced by a pathetic eagerness to be thorough, only partly redeemed by skill.

Apart from his activity as an easel painter, Vuillard also produced during the 1890's a majority of his magnificent prints and a number of large, decorative panels. The prints are discussed in a concise text by William S. Lieberman in Mr. Ritchie's monograph, and the book reproduces many of Vuillard's tempera panels, including the decorations for Dr. Vaquez, completed in 1896, which now belong to the City of Paris and, unfortunately, were not available for the present exhibition. The Vaquez panels are masterworks in their genre. Indeed, I wonder whether, judged in terms of their decorative purpose, they have ever been rivaled by more recent artists. Their color is unbelievably tender, their quite pre-Raphaelite complexity of form is handled with unwavering conviction and taste. They, together with Vuillard's easel pictures and prints of the 1890's, have won the artist a very high place in the ranks of painters since impressionism. They remind us again how vital a decade closed the art of the nineteenth century.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Ideas and Writers

Continued from page 15

can't bear to look at ourselves. As we shout at each other, they tell us, quietly and convincingly, that we must get on speaking terms. Even more important, they not only tell us what we must do but they show us how. And they show us with a modesty and a conviction that make us want to try.

Notes

CINEMA BY DYLAN THOMAS: The recent death of Dylan Thomas deprived the English literary scene of one of its sturdiest poets. He was versatile enough to show—in his autobiographical stories and his novel-in-progress—that his prose also utilized a wide range of fantasy, wit, and imagination. **"The Doctor and the Devils"** (New Directions, $2.50) is his movie scenario based on the research and story-line of Donald Taylor. The doctor of the title is a proud, dedicated, and arrogant professor who supports the devilish activities of a pair of "resurrectionists"—thieves who rob graveyards and sell him the cadavers for his anatomical laboratory. When the "devils" run short of merchandise, they systematically murder the poor who seek lodgings in a slum tenement.

As a study in the macabre, the scenario exhibits enough thrills and shudders to satisfy the most gruesome taste; and as a problem-drama it explores the distance between a scientist's proud dedication and his pity for the inhuman means of attaining it. Except for some repetitiousness and a stilted tone in the doctor's utterences, the scenario reads easily, and with vivid visual effect. The action and setting have the fulness of a story intended to be read (instead of to serve a movie director as blueprint). It would be interesting to know whether the script will be used for a movie. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

FRANKENSTEIN'S CREATOR: As the daughter of Godwin the philosopher and Mary Wollstonecraft the feminist, and as the wife of a great poet, Mary Shelley has led a footnoted existence. Yet her novel of terror about Frankenstein's Monster, written when she was nineteen, and her annotations of Shelley's poetry entitle her to some literary importance. Fifteen years ago her biography was written by R. Glynn Grylls; and now Elizabeth Nitchie examines her literary work in **"Mary Shelley: Author of Frankenstein"**

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(Rutgers University Press, $4). After first sketching her personality and intellect, and wisely refusing to whitewash or blacken, Miss Nitchie analyzes her fiction to discover in it characters based on Shelley, Byron, Trelawny, and others of her circle. (But with so much non-fictional material about these people, an excavation of *roman à clef* has only an antiquarian interest.) As a widow she continued to write, impelled by profit instead of vision and recollection, and so her later writings are negligible in everything except copiousness. "Although the general reader would hardly care to peruse Mary Shelley's works," Miss Nitchie writes, "yet there is reward for so doing." She has performed that task conscientiously and sympathetically, using important unpublished material, but her book—through no fault of her own—will hardly cause a run on the forgotten works of Frankenstein's creator and Shelley's protector. —R. H.

PARTISAN HARVEST: In degrees of permanence magazines perish quicker than paperbacks, and these in turn quicker than hardcovers. The *Partisan Review* recently anthologized its fiction in a paperback; and now **"The New Partisan Reader,"** edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv, (Harcourt Brace, $6) chooses wide groupings from the last ten years of the magazine in a volume which is substantial in all ways. Several of the stories are re-reprinted, unnecessarily. Far more stimulating are the three other groups: Selected Poems, Interpretations, and Variety. Poems in magazines are not so perishable, at least not by such eminences as here: Lowell, Shapiro, Stevens, Roethke, Tate, Aiken—who can include them into their slim volumes. But in its varied essays and reviews this "Reader" salvages some extremely readable pieces. Of all the reviews, inadequately identified by the editors, Diana Trilling's on a Margaret Mead book, Mary McCarthy's on George Kelly's plays, W. H. Auden's on Oscar Wilde, and Sidney Hook's on Toynbee are among the best. The great catholicity of the *Partisan Review* in art, literature, religion, politics, theatre, movies—in other words, in all phases of our culture—appears here. It even has room for Cyril Connelly's impudent satire, "An American in London." —R. H.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CUCKOO LINE AFFAIR *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.50)	Exemplary English gent develops woman trouble; murder doesn't help.	Plausible, convincing, up to dénouement, which isn't so hot.	Not hard to take
THE RED BISHOP *Howard Mason* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	British playboy trails thugs aiming at horde of Rhenish gold.	Plot grows curiouser and curiouser, but chase is lively.	Dizzy but diverting
MY FAVORITE TRUE MYSTERY *Ernest V. Heyn, ed.* (Coward-McCann: $3)	Thirty-six fact yarns by thirty name-writers; first appeared in *American Weekly*.	Cases, mainly new and good, suffer from overcompression.	Doesn't jell as book
THE GIRL IN LOVER'S LANE *Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson* (Gold Medal: 25 cents)	Factual retellings, with large citations from testimony, of historical cases—this one is Hall-Mills. Also available, same price: "The Girl in the Stateroom" (*same authors*), "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing" (*Charles Samuels*), and "The Girl in the Death Cell" (*Fred J. Cook*).		Workmanlike, with sex stressed
NO MOURNING FOR THE MATADOR *Delano Ames* (Ives Washburn: $2.50)	Dagobert and Jane Brown see bull get man in Barcelona (did winner have help?).	Setting agreeable, manner sprightly, cast confusingly abundant.	Mixture as before
SAY IT WITH BULLETS *Richard Powell* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Far East vet takes noisy bus ride, Chi to LA, as murders strew path; bright gal big help.	Plot bit too ingenious, but dialogue is peppy, scenery swell, pace hot.	No slow motion here
CURTAIN FOR A JESTER *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Knife (non-rubber) pinks NY practical joker; Pam and Jerry North help nice cops.	Fast-paced, smooth, but somewhat marred by spiderweb ending.	Easy to take

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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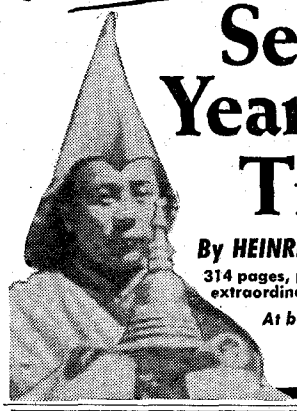

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ANNUAL GUIDE TO RELIGIOUS BOOKS

Of the nearly 1,000 religious books published during the past year, SR *reviews and describes in the following pages approximately 150 that are especially noteworthy. Another group of religious books will be reviewed in our issue of April 10.*

Recommended books for Lenten reading by Catholics, selected by Maria Augusta Trapp, head of the Trapp Family Singers, are listed on the opposite page. Reviews of Catholic books appear on this and the three following pages. (The sketch is of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

Recommended books for Lenten reading by Protestants, chosen by Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré, professor of systematic theology in the Vanderbilt University School of Religion, are listed on page 44. Reviews of Protestant books appear on that and the following four pages. (The sketch is of Riverside Church, New York.

Recommended books of Jewish interest, selected by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University, are listed on page 49, followed by reviews of books in that field. (The sketch is of the Temple Emmanuel, New York.)

A checklist of recent religious books in all fields, compiled by Siegfried Mandel, begins on page 52.

The Corporals of God

"The Manner Is Ordinary," by John LaFarge *(Harcourt, Brace. 408 pp. $4.75), and* ***"Obedient Men," by Denis Meadows*** *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 308 pp. $3.50), are the autobiographies of two Roman Catholics, the former an American who has served with distinction in the Society of Jesus, the latter a Briton who was a member of that Order and left.*

By Anne Fremantle

THE tragedy of the nineteenth century, Pope Leo XIII averred, was that the workers were lost to the Church. Father John LaFarge's long life has been spent in a tireless attempt to make the twentieth century redeem this tragedy of the nineteenth, at least on this continent. For charity is no substitute for justice withheld, as St. Augustine pointed out fifteen hundred years ago, and Father LaFarge's constant efforts to further the cause of social justice, his devotion to the welfare of the industrial worker, of the Negro, of the underprivileged everywhere, his profound concern for race problems, are an eloquent restatement, in our own day and age, of that truth. Alas, many Christians often forget that the Church considers itself historically as the appointed defender of the rights of man.

Of life in the Society of Jesus its founder remarked that "the manner of living is ordinary." In the case of John LaFarge, a member of that Society, whatever the manner may be, the matter is not. The son of a famous American artist (one of the first to understand and appreciate Japanese and Chinese art in this country), brother, uncle, and cousin of others almost equally famous, John LaFarge includes Benjamin Franklin and Commodore Perry among his forbears. One of nine brothers and sisters, he grew up at Newport, Rhode Island, and had a glorious childhood, swimming, sailing, scrambling over the gorse-gold dunes. He devoured the classics, whether of music, literature, or painting, and was in every sense of the word a very well-nourished boy. Before he was twelve he already felt he wanted to become a priest. In his choice of Harvard as a university, as well as in his vocation, he had the warm support of Theodore Roosevelt and the devoted affection of Henry Adams, two of his parents' closest friends. He is candid enough about how unlikely, humanly speaking, it was that he should be a priest. "The priest must be a man of the people, all things to all men, and personally I was somewhat reserved and fastidious." He was delicate, and the life is demanding physically; he was self-centered, and the life is one of total dedication. "But the conviction grew it was something God wanted of me."

AFTER a stimulating and healthy life as a seminarian in Innsbruck, John LaFarge became first a priest, and then, in America once more, a Jesuit. His assignments have been varied: on Blackwell's Island he assisted over 3,000 dying people to final peace within eight months; for fifteen years, working among rural Negroes and whites, in Southern Maryland, he had to drive miles in a buggy to say mass, snow-whitened in winter, dust-whitened in summer. Here he counted a whippoorwill calling 375 times, and snakes fell from the church roof as he preached. Here he was suspected, by his Protestant colleagues, of making moonshine. Had he not a large bin of corn for his horse, a copper kettle, a baptismal font, a good supply of tubing with which he had unsuccessfully tried to heat the church, and an abundance of soft-drink bottles left over from a recent church festival? As editor of *America* during World War II he hoisted as a "visible sign" the seven-point "pattern for peace," in subscribing to which Catholics, Protestants, and Jews could insist on a minimum of ethics between peoples as between people. Politics *must* be a moral activity, Father LaFarge declared weekly in his editorials, to all who would read.

Father LaFarge founded and organized the Catholic Interracial Councils, where Negroes and whites meet weekly to work together and to try to see their joint problems together. He also helped to get the National Catholic Rural Life Conference started, and was tremendously active in what he calls the "green revolution." He was one of the founders, too, of the Liturgical Arts Society, and the National Liturgical Society, which exist to empha-

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size the concreteness of Christian life and the participation of *things* as well as people in the sacramental life.

Father LaFarge's influence has been on a national scale. He is at least in part responsible for the anti-Communist emphasis in the CIO, and for the important participation of Catholics in the labor movement here. Industrial peace, industrial justice, he has always insisted, are the only alternative to Communism, which is inevitable, if the golden rule is not equally practised by employers and employed.

BREATHE in, breathe out! Breathe in the world's beauty; breathe out justice and mercy. For this was each one of us made. But what it costs to be as successful at being just what one is meant to be, as is Father LaFarge, Denis Meadows, in his autobiographical "Obedient Men," clearly shows. As reticent and British about what goes on inside as Father LaFarge himself, Mr. Meadows at least tells us much about the outside: the discipline, the obedience, the continual petty annoyances that make up the common life; the agony of never being alone, of always giving up one's own will, always, always; the homesickness, the boredom, the cold. For ten years Mr. Meadows was a Jesuit, and left with full permission of his superiors to marry and live happily ever after. His young agony of chilblains from washing in icy water; the endless study, the long long walks in the bitter wind—these were all part of the slow climb towards a supernatural way of life. And the excellent joys, too, the swimming, the friendships, the work, physical and mental; the habits of prayer, the sharpening of awareness, the practice of self-examination, are all shown, not catalogued.

Mr. Meadows, too, has a nice sly humor. He can smile, though not unkindly, at his over-earnest fellow student, who, after a biology class on reproduction, could say with fervor: "I used to think that sort of thing was all evil, but now I cannot think of any more telling argument for the existence of God than the sexual system of the rabbit"; or at his own attempts to practise humility by saying his father was a peasant when he was a publisher. It is as though Mr. Meadows in his book gave the recipe from which Father LaFarge had concocted his most excellent dish. But of the fire that is so necessary to both cook and cuisine, Mr. Meadows gives little hint. Whereas Father LaFarge tells us in every line that we can "only be redeemed by fire from fire."

Reading for Catholics

Maria Augusta Trapp, *head of the Trapp Family Singers, has drawn up the following list of suggested reading for Roman Catholics during the Lenten period.*

WITH THE BIBLE THROUGH THE CHURCH YEAR. By Richard Beron, O.S.B. Pantheon Books. $4.95.

A DOCTOR AT CALVARY. By Pierre Barbet, M.D. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.

MARY MAGDALENE. By R. L. Bruckberger. Pantheon Books. $3.

THE CHURCH TODAY. The Collected Writings of Emanuel Cardinal Suhard. Fides Publishers Assn. $4.75.

A TREASURY OF CATHOLIC THINKING: From St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas to Jacques Maritain and Pius XII. Edited by Ralph L. Woods. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $5.

SIGNS OF LIFE. By François Louvel, O.P. and Louis J. Putz, C.S.C. Fides Publishers Assn. $2.75.

THE GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN. By Fulton Oursler and April Oursler Armstrong. Doubleday & Co. $3.95.

IN THE TRACK OF THE GOSPEL. By Aloysius Roche. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS. By Dietrich von Hildebrand. David McKay Co. $6.

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND PERSONALITY. By Joseph Nuttin. Sheed & Ward. $4.

THE INTERIOR CARMEL. By John C. H. Wu. Sheed & Ward. $3.25.

WE AND THE HOLY SPIRIT. By Leonce de Grandmaison. Fides Publishers Assn. $3.75.

PRAYING THE GOSPELS. By Rev. Lawrence G. Lovasik, S.V.D. The Macmillan Co. $4.

MY FRIENDS THE SENSES. By Charles-Damian Boulogne. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.

I WANT TO SEE GOD. By Pater Marie-Eugène, O.C.D. Fides Publishers Assn. $5.75.

LITTLE BOOK OF ETERNAL WISDOM AND LITTLE BOOK OF TRUTH. By Henry Suso. Translated by James M. Clarke. Harper & Bros. $3.

TERESA OF AVILA. By Marcelle Auclair. Pantheon Books. $4.95.

SAINTS AND OURSELVES. Edited by Philip Caraman, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.50.

LAMBS IN WOLFSKINS. By Eddie Doherty. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.25.

THE AMERICAN MARTYRS. By John A. O'Brien. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50.

TO SEE PETER. By Richard Baumann. David McKay Co. $3.

STAR OF JACOB. By Helen Walker Homan. David McKay Co. $3.75.

SET ALL AFIRE. By Louis De Wohl. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.

BARBE ACARIE. By Lancelot C. Sheppard. David McKay Co. $3.50.

PAUL, THE APOSTLE. By Guiseppe Ricciotti. Translated by Alba Zizzamia. The Bruce Publishing Co. $7.50.

SAINT BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. By Watkin Williams. The Newman Press. $7.

MARY MAGDALENE'S STORY: Too rarely does a book seem to explode in a reader's hands. But most assuredly this is true of Father Raymond-Léopold Bruckberger's **"Mary Magdalene"** (Pantheon, $3). The brilliant French Dominican is almost flippant in the early pages, as when he says of Phryne, the Greek courtesan: "She had style, that girl, great style and a great deal of money."

This breezy approach, accompanied by a deceptive air of informality, soon has the reader racing along, chuckling at such remarks as: "Herod likewise had political reasons; politicians always have political reasons, and those who oppose them are always accused of playing politics."

But subtly the tone changes and, as we find Mary Magdalene totally dedicated to the life of Christ, the ominous future arises: "Mary Magdalene loved Christ with all the ardor of her great soul, but now she saw him only in the shadow of the Cross." The great drama draws to its climax, with Magdalene's love always close to Christ. "More than any other saint," says the author, "the Virgin Mary apart, she was associated with Christ's natural and supernatural destiny."

"Mary Magdalene" is the freshest, most stirring study of a saint—and, more extraordinary, of a saint who seemed already overemphasized—that has appeared in recent times. Father Bruckberger combines the artist's in-

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sight with the scholar's balance. This is not fundamentally a denominational book but a book for all who desire a revitalized picture of an always inspiring story.

The illustrations have been chosen with great discrimination. This volume is a joy to hold as well as to read.

—JOHN M. CHASE.

CHRIST'S DEATH REEXAMINED: If the casual reader of these pages should be inclined to feel that the "pious" books sound like pretty routine stuff, he would be well advised to pause a moment and consider a volume that is practically unique: Dr. Pierre Barbet's **"A Doctor at Calvary"** (Kenedy, $3).

For many years Dr. Barbet, a distinguished French physician, has studied from the medical point of view the technical problems involved in Christ's scourging, the journey to Calvary, and the crucifixion. Also, from a personal examination of the Holy Shroud in Turin and particularly of untouched photographs of it (here reproduced), he has not only made a thoroughly convincing case as to its authenticity but has been able to reconstruct more accurately the physical aspects of Christ's death.

This, in all frankness, is an uncomfortable book to read, not because Dr. Barbet suffers from lack of Gallic spirit as he blows down possible doubters or takes a jibe at Mommsen —no, it is uncomfortable reading because to many of us it will for the first time represent the passion and death of Our Lord not in immortal words but to the background of the searing and sickening sound of Christ's human flesh torn apart. —J. W. C.

WHAT THE SACRAMENTS MEAN: **"Signs of Life"** by François Louvel, O.P., and Louis J. Putz, C.S.C. (Fides, $2.75), is a short book that explains the actions and rituals of the seven sacraments in language clear and direct, so that lay Catholics may have a fuller understanding of their underlying meaning. At first glance, one might be tempted to say, "But we know all that." A more careful examination will reveal that our comment should be, "I thought I knew all that but now I realize how little."

These essays, originally edited by the French Dominican, Father Lourel, have been adapted for American use by Father Putz of the University of Notre Dame. In a brief foreword, Father Putz, after touching on the meanings of the symbols used in baptism, drily adds: "These are all supernatural realities which the sacrament of Baptism—set in a crown of sacramentals—effects. What a far cry from the dry formula of the Catechism, namely, that Baptism wipes away Original Sin, confers grace, and makes one a child of God. While this is a true statement, the sacramental reality is so much richer."

One can only say "How true" and hope that every Catholic family has this little book as an occasional guide to children and adults alike.

—J. W. C.

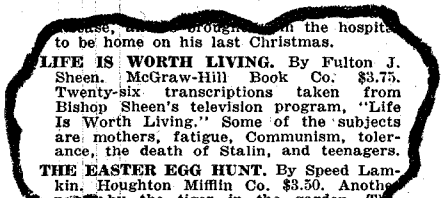
THE STORY OF THE APOSTLES: **"The Greatest Faith Ever Known"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is the last of the trilogy begun by Fulton Oursler with "The Greatest Story Ever Told." This final volume, based on the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, shows a distinct increase in depth.

This was Mr. Oursler's last book and it is a genuine tribute to his daughter, April, that she was able to conclude the final portion with such a sure touch that one can almost see a loving smile from that austere literary craftsman, her father. There are separate Protestant and Catholic editions, the latter employing the Douay-Rheims version of the Scriptures and bearing an imprimatur. —J. W. C.

BIBLE STORIES IN PROSE AND PICTURE: One of the most attractive books of Catholic interest recently published is **"With the Bible Through the Church Year"** (Pantheon, $4.95). In it a Benedictine priest, Father Richard Beron, has retold various Biblical stories, from both the Old and New Testament, setting them into the framework of the liturgy of the Church. The psalms are well placed at the end and Grace Perkins has contributed felicitous prefaces on the liturgy. What, however, is immediately striking are the abundant colored illustrations contributed by anonymous Brothers of the Benedictine Order. This reviewer has rarely seen such richness of design, including the binding, the paper, and the printing.

As to the true artistry of the illustrations, one must speak with care. The tendency to prettiness may charm the young but bring a smile to the adult's face. This reviewer would be the last to criticize Benedictine art, but perhaps the over-sweet German

Bishop Fulton J. Sheen



...to be home on his last Christmas.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. By Fulton J. Sheen. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. Twenty-six transcriptions taken from Bishop Sheen's television program, "Life Is Worth Living." Some of the subjects are mothers, fatigue, Communism, tolerance, the death of Stalin, and teenagers.

THE EASTER EGG HUNT. By Speed Lamkin. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. Another ... by the tiger in the ...erden. ...

HIS EXCELLENCY the Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, since 1951 auxiliary Bishop of New York, is possibly the only religious leader around who is, as they say in magazine circles, "a cover boy." In the last couple of years alone, Sheen, Illinois-born, fifty-eight, and blessed with a compelling voice, has graced the covers of such non-ecclesiastical weeklies as *Time*, *Quick*, and *TV Guide*, which must be a record of some kind. Sheen's career as a kind of cover staple began a few years back when, after about a quarter of a century of broadcasting on the "Catholic Hour," he tried television. One-man show called "Life Is Worth Living." He was an overnight hit. Sheen, on DuMont, was pitted Tuesday nights against Milton Berle, a member of the laity, on NBC, and in practically no time at all it became a joke of sorts among some Catholic clerics to say: "Who'll we listen to? Uncle Miltie or Uncle Fultie?" His TV scripts, all delivered off the cuff, have touched on such things as Satan and Stalin, as "How Mothers Are Made" and "Communism and Russia." He is among the handful of video performers whose material can stand up the morning after. Sheen's material, in fact, stands up splendidly; more than 200,000 persons already have paid $3.75 apiece to buy a season's worth of his scripts—twenty-six talks packaged under the same title as the television show. Sheen's thirty-eighth book, it came out last October. Apart from TV, Sheen is kept on the religious go by his duties as U.S. director of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Apart from propagation, Sheen does a syndicated weekly column for the Catholic press called "God Love You" (his standard greeting); does a second column called "Bishop Sheen Writes"; edits two magazines for the society and gives religious instruction. If, after putting in a busy week helping God's children find peace of soul, he has some time left over, he is apt to shed his purple zucchetto and play a round of tennis. They say he's got a terrific backhand. —BERNARD KALB.

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Benedictine taste, as here exhibited, is somewhat different from what we have been accustomed to.

However that may be, one can think of no one book that the entire family could better enjoy. As its German title, "Kinder-und Hausbibel," would indicate, this is a book for the young in particular to have about the house. And the price, considering the times, is very low. —J. W. C.

WAYS TO SAINTHOOD: Dr. John C. H. Wu, Catholic convert author of the inspiring autobiography "Beyond East and West," has now written a study of the interior contemplative life that must take its place at once as a major contribution to the spiritual literature of our times. **"The Interior Carmel"** (Sheed & Ward, $3.25) is such a quiet, unobtrusive little book that the casual reader may at first overlook the depths it reveals.

What Dr. Wu has attempted is merely the task of showing how we everyday sinners can learn to become saints! He follows the traditional stages of love: the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive. In turn he divides the Beatitudes into St. Thomas's three-fold division, corresponding to the three stages on the way to love.

On this structure he builds a clear though heady structure, showing in particular the part which St. John of the Cross shares in his labors. This is an extraordinary book, often offering most appropriate references to Chinese philosophy and literature—though he warns that "neither Confucius nor Buddha moved in the same sphere as Christ. Theirs is the sphere of nature, while His is the sphere of grace." Dr. Wu, a man eminent in many fields, seems to have absorbed the essence of Catholic spiritual life to an extent rarely found in those born to the faith. It is characteristic for him to say that "the Church of Christ is a house of many mansions, but there is no mansion for provincialism." —J. W. C.

BEDSIDE ANTHOLOGY: This reviewer remembers reading Father Francis B. Thornton's masterful anthology, "Return to Tradition," several years ago and mumbling to himself, "That will hold 'em." In his innocence he had felt that there was no longer room for another anthology of any nature in the Catholic field. To his knowledge, there have been five in the intervening years, and now comes **"A Treasury of Catholic Thinking"** (Crowell, $5), compiled and edited by Ralph L. Woods, who has had success as an anthologist in the secular field.

There is no reason to be ungracious and not welcome Mr. Woods's compilation with pleasure, if not enthusiasm. The sub-title, "130 Famous Catholics Speak on the Problems which Most Concern People Today," gives an idea of the scope of the book. The editor at times seems to have difficulty in sorting his material properly into the twelve chapters he has arbitrarily devised, but certainly there is a little bit of almost everything here. A bedside book, perhaps. —J. W. C.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER: Louis de Wohl has created for himself a kind of monopoly in the field of fictionalized lives of great figures, from Attila the Hun and Julian the Apostate to the lives of such saints as Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Ignatius Loyola, and now, in **"Set All Afire"** (Lippincott, $3), Francis Xavier.

It is unwise to try to assume a superior air toward Mr. de Wohl's writing. He is a master-hand at semi-fictionalized biography and it would be a dull person indeed who did not thrill to his presentation of the spectacular and heroic life of St. Francis Xavier. At times he may strain our credulity by making all the saint's friends so dazzlingly bright and his enemies so sinisterly dark. But such is the centuries-old tradition of romantic fiction and when, as in this case, a daring servant of God is the hero, so much the better. —J. W. C.

The absorbing, wondrous pageant of thirty centuries of the fascinating history of the world's most glorious, most troubled city — *Jerusalem*

THE HOLY CITY

With solid scholarship and vivid narrative skill Albert N. Williams has re-created the vast panorama of 3000 years of the momentous history of the city in which the three great religions of the Western world were born—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. It begins before 1000 BC with King David and ends with the conflicts of today which are making the Holy City a contested no man's land. Here is a splendid and fateful chronicle, great in scope and majestic in meaning. $6.00

Handsomely illustrated with pen drawings by June Kirkpatrick

By ALBERT N. WILLIAMS
author of The Book By My Side

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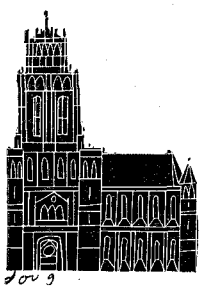
Reading for Protestants



Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré, *professor of systematic theology, Vanderbilt University School of Religion, author of "The Sun and the Umbrella," has drawn up the following list of suggested reading for Protestants this Lenten period.*

BE STILL AND KNOW. By Georgia Harkness. Abingdon Press. $1.25.

THE BEATITUDES. By Hugh Martin. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

CHRIST IN THE HAUNTED WOOD. By W. Norman Pittenger. The Seabury Press. $2.75.

CLEAR OF THE BROODING CLOUD. By Jack Finegan. Abingdon Press. $2.50.

FAITH TAKES A NAME. By Dwight Stevenson. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

THE GALILEAN WAY. By Jeremy Ingalls. Longmans, Green & Co. $4.

GOD'S ORDER. By John A. Mackay. The Macmillan Co. $3.

THE GOSPELS. By J. B. Phillips. The Macmillan Co. $2.75.

THE GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN. By Fulton Oursler and April Oursler Armstrong. Doubleday & Co. $3.95.

GROWING SPIRITUALLY. By E. Stanley Jones. Abingdon Press. $1.50.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD. By Bishop Lesslie Newbigin. Friendship Press. $2.75.

HOW TO BELIEVE. By Ralph W. Sockman. Doubleday & Co. $2.50.

JESUS CHRIST AND HIS CROSS. Westminster Press. $2.50.

THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH. By Samuel H. Miller. Harper & Bros. $2.

TO LIVE IS CHRIST. By Ralph A. Herring. Broadman Press. $1.50.

LIVING THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. By Carroll E. Simcox. Morehouse-Gorham Co. $2.25.

MEDITATIONS OF THE HEART. By Howard Thurman. Harper & Bros. $2.75.

PRIMER ON ROMAN CATHOLICISM FOR PROTESTANTS. By Stanley I. Stuber. Association Press. $2.50.

RECOVERY OF FAMILY LIFE. By Elton and Pauline Trueblood. Harper & Bros. $1.50.

THE STORY OF JESUS. By Theodore P. Ferris. Oxford University Press. $2.30.

THAT THE WORLD MAY KNOW. By Charles W. Ranson. Friendship Press. $2.

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN? By Norman Cousins. The Macmillan Co. $3.

AGAPE AND EROS. By Anders Nygren. Westminster Press. $7.

EARLY CHRISTIAN FATHERS. Cyril C. Richardson. Westminster Press. $5.

A THEOLOGY OF THE LIVING CHURCH. By Harold DeWolfe. Harper & Bros. $5.

And *SR* adds:

THE SUN AND THE UMBRELLA. By Nels F. S. Ferré. Harper & Bros. $2.

THE FUTURE OF MISSIONS: A young graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was asked by his tutor about his future plans. When the reply came that he had decided to become a missionary, the tutor exclaimed, "Good God, man, you can't do that! There's no future in it."

With this incident as a springboard, Charles W. Ranson in **"That the World May Know"** (Friendship Press, $2) launches into a discussion of the worldwide task of the Church, with specific reference to the foreign-mission enterprise. He recognizes the fact that many thoughtful people, both inside and outside of the Church, are exceedingly dubious about the future of foreign missions, with China closed and with developments disturbing to missions in India and Africa. But from his vantage point as secretary of the International Missionary Council, Dr. Ranson's survey of world conditions leads him to a heightened conviction that the Church exists that the whole world may know Jesus Christ. He depicts in realistic fashion our divided and frustrated world, the worldwide skepticism about moral values, and man's deep-rooted feeling of isolation from his brothers. But these conditions are no reason for discouragement or despair. Rather, they should challenge the Church to a deeper devotion to the effort to deepen and expand the life of the global Christian Church. Dr. Ranson finds hope and encouragement in the development of the indigenous churches in mission lands. The foreign-missionary task of the future will no longer be an enterprise carried on by the churches of the West *for* the peoples of mission lands. Rather, it will be a worldwide effort conceived and maintained by the cooperative effort of all churches everywhere. This is a book written primarily for church groups, but it is deserving of a wider reading.

—KENNETH D. MILLER.

THE BIBLE FOR PEW-HOLDERS: Most commentaries on the Bible are written by scholars who are apparently fearful that their professional reputation would suffer if they failed to explore every last detail of exegesis and exposition. As a result, the ordinary Bible student cannot see the woods for the trees, and, lost in a maze of technical expositions, comes to the conclusion that the Bible is entirely too difficult a book for him.

Ralph A. Herring is a pastor, and his aim in **"To Live Is Christ"** (Boardman, $1.50) is to give to the people in the pew a guide for their study of Paul's short and beautiful letter to the church in Philippi. He endeavors to establish close and intimate contact between the reader and the Christians of Philippi. To that end he draws upon his imagination as well as upon the results of Biblical research to reconstruct the conditions prevailing when the Apostle's letter was first received and read, so that one can "sit where they sat" as he reads. The author does not allow his imagination to run away with sound judgment and Biblical exposition. The result is a book admirably suited for devotional use as well as Bible study.

Dr. Herring's approach would encounter difficulties in the letters of Paul which are theologically more complex (Romans, for instance), but in the case of the beautiful exposition of his religious experience given by Paul in Philippians, his treatment is helpful.

—K. D. M.

TRADITIONAL CHRISTIANITY: The title of W. Norman Pittenger's book **"Christ in the Haunted Wood"** (Seabury, $2.75) is suggested by the lines of W. H. Auden,

> Lost in a haunted wood,
> Children afraid of the night
> who have never been happy or
> good

What is the meaning of the Christian Gospel to the disillusioned and distracted people of our generation whose basic assumptions are those of secularism, humanism, and fragmatism? Professor Pittenger's answer is that of traditional Christianity, not watered down to a system of ethics or spun in the air as a philosophical scheme or utilized merely as a relig-

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ious dynamic for a democratic system. The Christian message is that "the state of salvation is the integration of life around the ultimate and determinative Reality whom we call God the Father, as that Reality makes Himself available to us men in the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of Jesus of Nazareth, known and apprehended in that divine-human society called the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

All of this sounds very old-fashioned, and so it is; but, according to Professor Pittenger, it is the only Christian Gospel there is. As one reads, he is impressed with the clarity and convincing character of the presentation. One may not agree as to the validity of all the author's basic assumptions (his "high" conception of the Church, for example), but at least here is a theologian any intelligent reader can understand.

—K. D. M.

WESLEY'S THOUGHT: With about nine million members, the Methodist Church is America's largest Protestant denomination (the Baptists would be, except for their divisions). What the Methodists think is obviously very important to American society, and the foundations of that thought are now set out clearly in **"A Compend of Wesley's Theology,"** compiled by Robert W. Burtner and Robert E Chiles (Abingdon, $3.75). John Wesley's ideas, of course, are not accepted in toto by all his nominal followers. Nevertheless, in today's theological climate, a book made up almost wholly from the writings of the great eighteenth-century evangelist will doubtless tend to reestablish Methodist orthodoxy.

If some Washington investigators feel that this is going to remove the Church safely from its concerns about this world, they should be warned that Wesley had a number of things to say on the economic and political orders. Of war, Wesley wrote scornfully: "What an amazing way of deciding controversies! . . . How shocking, how inconceivable a want must there have been of common understanding, as well as common humanity, before any two Governors, or any two nations in the universe, could once think of such a method of decision!" And he urged restraint in striving for money, lest neighbors be hurt.

The excerpts are arranged under such headings as "God," "Jesus Christ," "Man," "Salvation," and "Eschatology." Since theological concepts are inevitably intertwining, one of the surprises of the book is that it is possible to arrange segments of Wesley's thought this way without confusion or undue choppiness. So the compendium is useful also as a ready reference in intellectual history.

—ROBERT ROOT.

THE NATURE OF THE CHURCH: When a bishop of the Church of South India, representing as it does a union of the Reformed, Congregational, Methodist, and Anglican communions, writes about the Church, he commands attention. Fundamental to many of the issues that will be foremost at the forthcoming assembly of the World Council of Churches is the question of the nature of the Church. Bishop Lesslie Newbigin, a prominent figure in World Council affairs, sees this clearly and his book, **"The Houshold of God"** (Friendship Press, $2.75), is designed to clarify that issue.

Interestingly enough, the author introduces a factor into the discussion which has generally been ignored by the ecumenical movement. He makes a strong plea for the recognition of the point of view of the Pentecostal groups regarding the Church. This is a timely reminder that the Pentecostal groups can no longer be airily dismissed as "emotional sects," particularly as in many parts of the world, including the United States, they constitute the most rapidly growing Christian group.

I am afraid that the argument in this book is too closely knit for popular consumption, but among the theologians who seem to be taking the leading part in World Council affairs it will be read with interest and, one hopes, with profit.

—K. D. M.

CHRISTIAN SUNLIGHT: Nels Ferré is one of those unusual Christian leaders who is at once a theologian of the front rank and an eloquent advocate of a vital religious life expressed in

Harper Books FOR THOUGHT AND MEDITATION

Think on These Things

By JOHN ELLIS LARGE. *The 1954 Harper Book for Lent.* This refreshing and vigorous message for Lenten meditation shows how our care-full world is the result of caring for the wrong things. It redirects us to think on things true, lovely and of good report. "A very inspiring, thoughtful and helpful work."—NORMAN VINCENT PEALE. $1.75

A Reader's Notebook

Compiled by GERALD KENNEDY. "A very worthwhile collection . . . of stories and anecdotes which have impressed Bishop Kennedy as having a special point."—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate.* Arranged alphabetically under 302 topics, invaluable for the public speaker and a wonderful book to dip into. $3.95

The Imprisoned Splendour

By RAYNOR C. JOHNSON. A fascinating description and correlation of the findings of natural science, parapsychology and mysticism, from which the alert reader can form an intelligent non-dogmatic attitude towards the universe, himself and the purpose of life. "I believe it is a valuable book and will help many people."—GERALD HEARD. $5.00

The Recovery of Family Life

By ELTON and PAULINE TRUEBLOOD. "The authors discuss the Judeo-Christian traditions of the family, the forces in modern life that have obscured this tradition, the responsibility of parents and the place of religion in family life. Their analysis is discerning and realistic."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $1.50

The Transformation of the Scientific World View

By KARL HEIM. A world famous theologian comes to grips with the vital problem of fusing science and religion into a new unitary scientific world view. $3.50

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personal living and in social action. The thesis of his book, **"The Sun and the Umbrella"** (Harper, $2), is based on a parable the essential point of which is that God as revealed in Christ is the Sun, but that sun-worshippers (Christians) are, for the most part, living under an umbrella of their own construction for inability to bear the direct rays of the sun and for fear of its effect upon them. He then proceeds to point out in devastating fashion how our doctrines about the Christ, the Church, and the Bible have become umbrellas against the sun. They have come to interfere with direct and immediate contact with God, the Light of Lights. Orthodox Christians will be disturbed by Ferré's position that worship of Jesus as God and the accepted doctrines concerning His crucifixion, resurrection, and second coming can and do interfere with direct and immediate exposure to the Light that comes from God. The worship of the Bible with its attending moralism, legalism, and obscurantism is another umbrella Ferré would have us remove so the light of God can shine upon us unimpeded. The Bible is a means to an end, not an end in itself. So also is the Church.

After disposing of the umbrellas, Ferré proceeds in stirring chapters to indicate what it would mean for Christians, Jews, and other religionists and secularists to walk in the unshielded light and how the Gospel might be presented to them most effectively. This reviewer considers this one of the most penetrating and inspiring books that has appeared in many a long day. It is a brilliant plea for a first-hand religious experience. —K. D. M.

THREE GOOD DEVOTIONAL BOOKS: There usually is a dearth of really good devotional books which can be recommended without hesitation. This year there are three such books of an unusually high order.

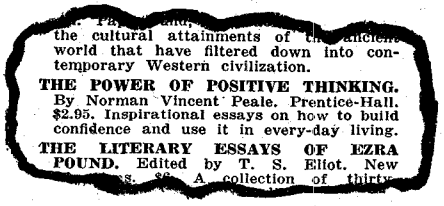
Georgia Harkness is a theologian of recognized stature, a brilliant teacher and a popular speaker. In a little book called **"Be Still and Know"** (Abingdon Press, $1.25) she reveals herself in the role of a poet. For each of the eighty-six page-long readings consists of an original poem and prayer, based on a Scripture text. Both poems and prayers are free from mawkish sentimentality, couched in beautiful English, and expressive of the deepest religious experiences.

A devotional reading for each day in the year is offered by the famous missionary, evangelist, and author, E. Stanley Jones in **"Growing Spiritually"** (Abingdon Press, $1.50). The daily meditations are arranged to fit into a well-thought-out plan for the exposition of the conditions and methods of spiritual growth. Some of the readings reflect the current interest in the potency of religious faith to deal with fear, anxiety, and tension. In other readings Dr. Jones shares with his readers the results of the "Ashrams" conducted by him in India, Japan and the United States. The small print used in these two little books is unfortunate.

Howard Thurman is known throughout the land in Christian circles not only as one of our outstanding Negro ministers, but as one who can open to our devotional life the resources of a deeply spiritual life. Before becoming dean of the Chapel at Boston University, Thurman was best known as the founder and minister of the Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples in San Francisco, an interracial, intercultural, and nonsectarian venture in religious fellowship which has set the pattern for "inclusive churches" across the country. The meditations contained in this book, **"Meditations of the Heart,"** (Harper, $2.75) were written for that Fellowship, to be used in worship services and private devotions. They are short, generally about one page in length, and therefore suitable for family or private devotions. There is nothing of the trite, sanctimonious piety found in many devotional books. Beautifully written, they so plumb the depths of spiritual experience that a second reading is needed for full comprehension and repeated readings will be ever rewarding. —K. D. M.

GOSPELS IN MODERN DRESS: The attempt to translate the Gospels into modern English has been made many times, notably by Edgar J. Goodspeed, and each such attempt casts fresh light upon some passages, the real meaning of which has been obscured in the King James Version and even in the Revised Standard Version. J. B. Phillips, a British cleric and English scholar, has followed two principles in his translation, **"The Gospels Translated into Modern English"** (Macmillan, $2.75). First, he has endeavored to forget completely the majesty and beauty of the authorized version. Second, he has set out to translate the Greek text as one would translate any other document from a foreign language. The results are interesting. For example, he translates the first beatitude (Matthew 5:3) "How happy are the humble-minded, for they already own the Kingdom of Heaven." In the

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale


the cultural attainments of the ancient world that have filtered down into contemporary Western civilization.
THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING. By Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall. $2.95. Inspirational essays on how to build confidence and use it in every-day living.
THE LITERARY ESSAYS OF EZRA POUND. Edited by T. S. Eliot. New

THE REVEREND Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who has spent his life praising positive thinking to the sky and consigning despair to Hell, is a Protestant pastor who keeps his nose to the inspirational grindstone day in and day out. "God's Salesman," as a magazine once described him, Dr. Peale is the minister of the historic Marble Collegiate Church on Fifth Avenue in New York. Fifty-five years old, he has been at Collegiate for the last twenty-one, after having held pastorates at several other churches. And though it is a post that would keep an ordinary mortal busy around the clock, it is one, only one, of his jobs. Dr. Peale, it seems, presenting religion as a kind of arm-in-arm ally of man, has branched out. Besides his Sunday sermons at Collegiate (4,000 see and hear him in person, another 500 overflow worshipers see and hear him on closed-circuit TV in the church basement), he does a weekly syndicated column called "Confident Living" (100 newspapers), broadcasts a weekly inspirational talk called "The Art of Living" (1,000,000 homes), does a religious Mr. and Mrs. TV show with his wife called "What's Your Trouble?" (100 stations), edits an inspirational monthly called *Guideposts* (circulation: 625,000), helps run a free religio-psychiatric clinic (case-load last year: 1,270), has written self-help cards you can carry around in your pocket (like: "How to Relax"), has recorded sermons on LPs ("Happy Ending to Your Gloomy Feelings"), lectures, and writes books. He has written about half a dozen. "The Power of Positive Thinking," his latest, was 1953's non-fiction best seller, with more than 450,000 copies bought up. Only the Bible did better. "A Guide to Confident Living," his next-to-last book (1949), isn't doing as well—a mere 1,000 copies a week. Anyway, one icy day last week Dr. Peale left for Florida. He's due back shortly, sunburned, happy, and relaxed, with a new manuscript under his arm. —Bernard Kalb.

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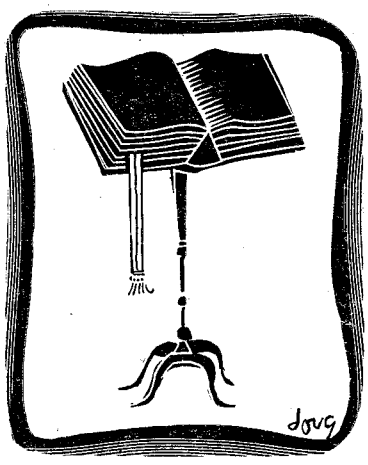


story of the Good Samaritan "He that showed mercy on him" becomes in this translation "The man who gave him practical sympathy" (Luke 10:37). The Gospel of John opens with these words: "At the beginning God expressed Himself" (John 1:1). No substitute for any of the accepted versions, it is an enlightening translation to have at hand. —K. D. M.

THEOLOGY FOR PROTESTANTS: Professor L. Harold DeWolf of Boston University has given us in **"A Theology of the Living Church"** (Harper, $5) a textbook of systematic theology which is unique in at least two respects. The author's thought is compressed into one volume, whereas most modern theologians require at least three huge tomes to express their ideas. Then, too, partly because of its comparative brevity, the author's arguments are readily followed, for he is precluded from following the philosophical by-paths so characteristic of much recent theological writing.

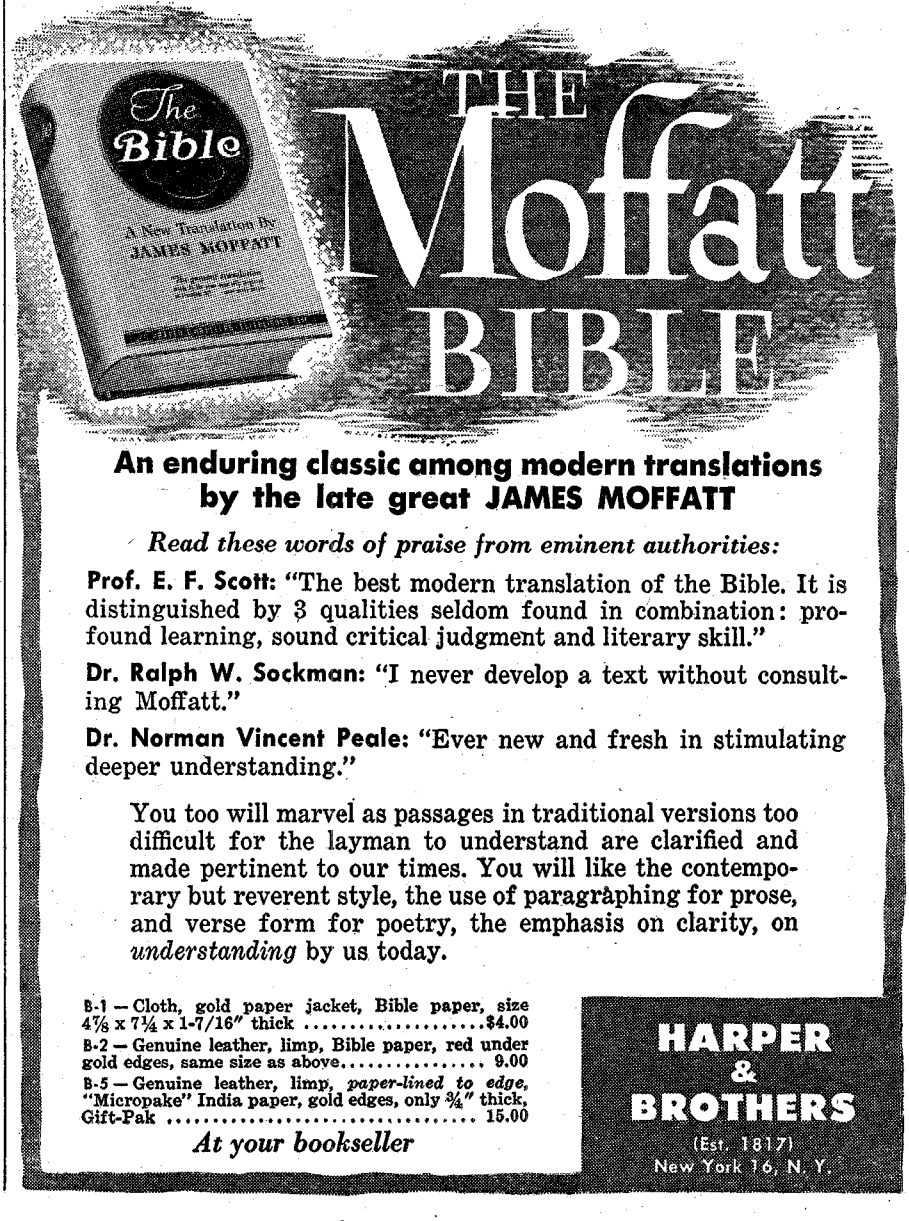
Boston Professor DeWolf has not thrown in his lot with the neo-orthodox theology. In fact, he has been one of the more discerning critics of some of the more recent emphases in theology here and abroad. He writes as a theological "liberal," and yet his liberalism has been considerably modified by recent developments in Christian thought. Particularly refreshing is the author's attempt to relate theology to life and to show the bearing of Christian convictions upon the affairs of our workaday world.

The result is a well-balanced presentation of Protestant thought. Most important, that thought is readily comprehended. —K. D. M.

CHRIST WITHOUT THE CREEDS: Out of a lifetime devoted to the interpretation of Christ and His Gospel from the pulpit, over the radio and by means of the printed page, Frederick Keller Stamm endeavors within the covers of **"One Fine Hour"** (Harper, $2.50) to make clear what Jesus has come to mean to him. Dr. Stamm is a Protestant of the liberal tradition. He therefore discounts creedal statements and the elaborate Christology of the theologians of the past and of the present. "Jesus is always breaking out for me, and becoming something other than the theologians have made him," he affirms. Again: "The force I see moving through history and the figure I see walking in Palestine are one and the same. When I question the creeds they leave me cold. When I question Him a silence falls on me, and I feel He is questioning me. . . . To me Jesus is not a Theory, but a living Reality. The challenge is not to a creed but a life." Jesus is pictured as embarking upon God into the unknown, His soul at ease before God, envisioning the world as a divine-human brotherhood, the realization of which was the great purpose of His life, spending himself down among life's broken earthenware and climaxing His self-giving love upon the Cross. Dr. Stamm has given us a beautifully written, deeply reverential exposition of the ground of his faith which is a personal encounter with the Christ. Not all will share the author's low estimate of theology, but few could resist his exalted estimate of what Christ can mean to the individual and to the world.

—K. D. M.

JESUS'S STORY FOR ADULTS: Theodore Parker Ferris's **"The Story of Jesus"** (Oxford University Press, $2.30) is a truly remarkable book both in its conception and in its execution. The author is the minister of the famous Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Boston and is generally recognized as one of America's great preachers. But this book is simplicity itself, and therein lies its charm and its moving power. Dr. Ferris became convinced that the people of his congregation had not heard the story of Jesus told consecutively since their childhood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and so "were trying to nurture their adult life on food that was prepared for infants." So an entire Lenten season was given over to the retelling of the story of Jesus with a minimum of moralizing and the omission of details which would detract from the broad sweep of the story as a whole. The story is told in simple language as a friend to a group of friends. The author is frank and honest in dealing with controversial topics, the Virgin Birth, the miracles, and the Resurrection for example, and yet he is never dogmatic. With all of the books that have been written about the life of Jesus, one would scarcely believe that a simple retelling of the story would grip one's attention from first to last. —K. D. M.

CATHOLICISM FOR PROTESTANTS: The avowed aims of Stanley I. Stuber's **"Primer on Roman Catholicism for Protestants"** (Harper, $2.50) are (1) to explain the basic beliefs and practices of the Roman Catholic Church simply, factually, and objectively; and (2) to present the Protestant point of view concerning each of these beliefs and practices. A conscious attempt is made by Dr. Stuber to avoid polemics. Rather, he aims to encourage mutual understanding and to put disagreements on an intelligent and unemotional basis. The beliefs and practices of the Roman Church in regard to the Church, the sacraments, the Bible, the Virgin Mary, the Mass, the Confessional, education, and political power are outlined on the basis of Catholic sources and this part of the book was checked for accuracy by Catholic scholars. There follows an exposition of the Protestant point of view on each subject. In a final chapter, the differences between the Catholic and the Protestant positions are indicated in no less than fifty-five summary statements. This is a book by a Protestant and for Protestants, and the fact that there has been no outcry from Catholic sources that their position has been misrepresented would indicate that they consider the presentation of their position fair. So one may conclude that this book has not added fuel to the fire of controversy between the two faiths, but has rather just made clear to Protestants what the differences are. —K. D. M.

GOSPEL SERMONS 1953: People who have the idea that all sermons are stodgy and deadly dull should make the acquaintance of Halford E. Luccock. He is a master of the neatly turned phrase, a genius at finding and using the apt illustration, the possessor of a delightful sense of humor. I doubt if anyone ever goes to sleep under his preaching, and what they hear is a delightfully fresh and relevant application of the Gospel of Christ.

His latest book, **"Communicating the Gospel"** (Harper, $2.50), contains the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching for 1953 delivered at Yale. The roster of those who filled this lectureship over the years is a veritable "Who's Who" of America's great preachers. Dr. Luccock's record as a teacher at Yale and as a preacher everywhere qualifies him for a place among the "royalty of the pulpit." He is concerned with the problem of communicating the Gospel amidst the Babel of tongues created by modern techniques of mass communication and to make the historical Christian faith serve the present age. There are discerning chapters on Biblical preaching and the techniques of sermon construction and delivery and, finally, a characteristic closing salvo entitled "Preaching During an Earthquake," which deals with the preacher's message relative to social, economic, and international issues. "It is only when the Church emerges from its walls and goes out into a world of need and change that it finds life," he says. Again: "If all we can hear in church is the pale and pious echo of the voice of society around us, the Gospel is not imparted. A church can become the cave of the echoes." A truly prophetic minister of Christ, there are not many like Halford Luccock. —K. D. M.

ANSWERS TO "WHY?": Like most preachers at college chapels, Willard L. Sperry has discovered that messages to such a congregation need not be delivered as from an intellectual ivory-tower nor be confined to the immediate interests of the campus community. On the contrary, sermons that meet the needs of an ordinary parish church are the most apt to be helpful to college audiences. The text of **"Sermons Preached at Harvard"** (Harvard, $2.50) reveals why the recently retired Dean of the Harvard Divinity School is so profoundly respected and so deeply loved. Characterized by intellectual acumen and spiritual insight, these sermons are concerned to answer the question "Why?" which is provoked by the confused issues of our day. Dean Sperry is not one to spell out the answers dogmatically. Rather, he encourages the reader to persist in asking "Why?" and to seek to find his own answer. There is no pressing for a decision, due no doubt to the necessarily neutral position as to dogma required of a preacher at a non-sectarian college chapel, and this lack some will deplore. But these are messages which will stimulate modern-minded men and women to find their way to their own decisions. Dean Sperry's artistry in the use of the English language is superb. —K. D. M.

THEOLOGICAL CLASSIC: Originally published in three volumes, much of Anders Nygren's **"Agape and Eros"** (Westminster, $7) now appears in one volume with a new translation from the Swedish by Philip S. Watson. The Bishop of Lund has undertaken a much larger task than that of distinguishing between the two Greek words *Agape* and *Eros*, both of which are translated into English as "love." Nygren's thesis is that these two words and a third, *Nomos*, describe radically different philosophies of religion. The Hellenistic point of view, expressed in the term *Eros*, is that fellowship with God arises out of man's desire for heavenly things. This, the author contends, is basic to the Catholic philosophy of religion. Judaism, represented in the word *Nomos*, would attain fellowship with God through man's fulfilment of the Law. Protestant Christianity, on the other hand, basing its philosophy on *Agape*, stresses the love of God freely bestowed upon the sinner. The development of these ideas through history is traced with scholarly detail. A much more readable book than its title suggests, it deserves a place among the really important theological works of the past fifty years. —K. D. M.

—Illustrations from "The Holy Places."

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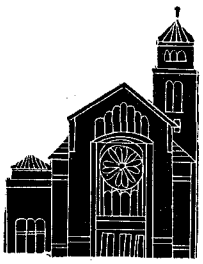
Reading for Jews



Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, *leading novelist, critic, and Jewish scholar, professor at Brandeis University, recommends the following books of Jewish interest:*

THE INNER EYE. By Hayim Greenberg. Jewish Frontier Assoc. $4.

FOR THE SAKE OF HEAVEN. By Martin Buber. Harper & Bros. $3.

FRANZ ROSENZWEIG: His Life and Thought. By Nahum N. Glatzer. Farrar, Straus & Young. $6.

LEVEL SUNLIGHT. By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

A TREASURY OF JEWISH LETTERS. Edited by Franz Kobler. Farrar, Straus & Young. $9.

NOTES WITHOUT MUSIC. By Darius Milhaud. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

ISRAEL SALANTER: A Religious Leader in the 19th Century. By Menahem G. Glenn. Bloch Publishing Co. $4.

THE RABBINIC MIND. By Max Kadushin. Jewish Theological Seminary. $5.

LEARNING LAUGHTER. By Stephen Spender. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

ISRAEL BETWEEN EAST AND WEST. By Raphael Patai. Jewish Publication Society. $4.50.

THE JEWS IN THE SOVIET SATELLITES. By Peter Meyer. Syracuse University Press. $6.50.

THE REDEEMERS. By Leo Schwarz. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.50.

MY PROMISED LAND. By Molly Lyons Bar-David. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

TRAVELS IN JEWRY. By Israel Cohen. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

EISENHOWER AND THE JEWS. Judah Nadich. Twayne Publishers. $5.

DON ISAAC ABRAVANEL. By Ben Zion Natanyahu. Jewish Publication Society. $3.50.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By Nathan Ausubel. Crown Publishers. $5.

ADVENTURES OF MOTEL THE CANTOR'S SON. By Sholom Aleichem. Abelard-Schuman. $4.

THE BABYLONIANS. By Nathaniel N. Weinreb. Doubleday & Co. $3.95.

THE PROPHET OF SAN NICANDRO. By Phinn E. Lapide. Beechurst Press. $4.50.

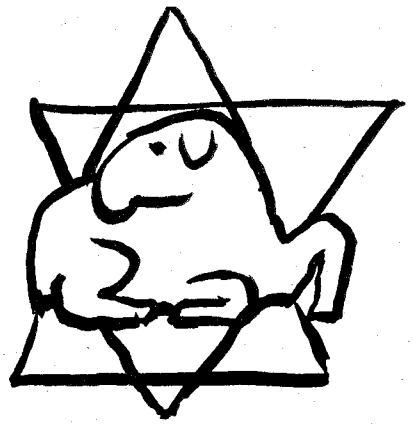
STEPHANIA. By Ilona Karmel. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75.

EAST OR WEST?: Raphael Patai, a noted anthropologist specializing in Middle East studies, has written a thoughtful volume on the problem of the Oriental Jews in Israel, who now constitute half the population of the new state and will shortly be the majority. In **"Israel Between East and West"** (Jewish Publication Society of America, $4.50), Dr. Patai discusses the friction between the Western Jews who administer and set the course for Israel's policies and the Jews of Yemen and other Middle Eastern countries who are changing the countenance of the land. Israel, Dr. Patai declares, is a Western island in the Middle East, but now that its people are a blend of East and West, Israel faces the crisis of turning Western or Levantine. Which shall it be?

He believes that it is possible to establish a synthesis and that "though the Israel experiment in global relation is merely a pilot-plant project, its success will nevertheless indicate that it can be reproduced on a magnified scale." Dr. Patai is convinced that if Israel is successful, it will affect the lives of Jews all over the world and may encourage the Arab states to reconcile themselves to the existence of Israel.

It does not hurt Dr. Patai's thesis that he writes in fluent, readable English and that his ambitious, wide-scoped study is as lively as most books on Israel by professional journalists. —HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

EISENHOWER AND THE DP STORY: It is the fortune—or misfortune—of American Presidents that every phase of their lives are, in time, subjected to analysis. President Eisenhower's administration is still too young to have become the theme of a book, but his career as a general was sufficiently distinguished and historic to have produced many volumes, including his own. Rabbi Judah Nadich's **"Eisenhower and the Jews"** (Twayne, $4) is the first attempt to discuss Eisenhower's relations with the Jew-



BEFORE THE DAWN

by Eugenio Zolli

The author was Chief Rabbi of Rome during the Nazi persecutions in that city. This book is his account of the events that led up to his conversion to the Catholic Church in 1945. There is an extract from it in the current number of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. $3.25

MEDIEVAL ESSAYS

by Christopher Dawson

If you think what happened in the Middle Ages has little to do with what is happening to us now, you should have read the magnificent review of this book in the Feb. 15th issue of *Time*. If you missed it, you can catch up to some extent in Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. $3.50

POETS AND MYSTICS

by E. I. Watkin

The first chapter is on the relation of poetry to mysticism, the rest on individual poets and mystics, some well known, some almost unknown. *The Illustrated London News* reviewed this with delight. You will find part of the review in—yes, Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET. $5.00

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THE TRUMPET, so persistently mentioned above, is published by us about four times a year. It is made up of extracts from books to come, new and reprinted English and American reviews and a great many illustrations by Jean Charlot. It will come to you free and postpaid: just send a note asking for it to Elizabeth MacGill,

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ish people. Because the author was the first adviser on Jewish affairs to Eisenhower when the general came into personal contact with masses of Jews in the concentration and DP camps of Germany, "Eisenhower and the Jews" is a valuable contribution to both American and Jewish history.

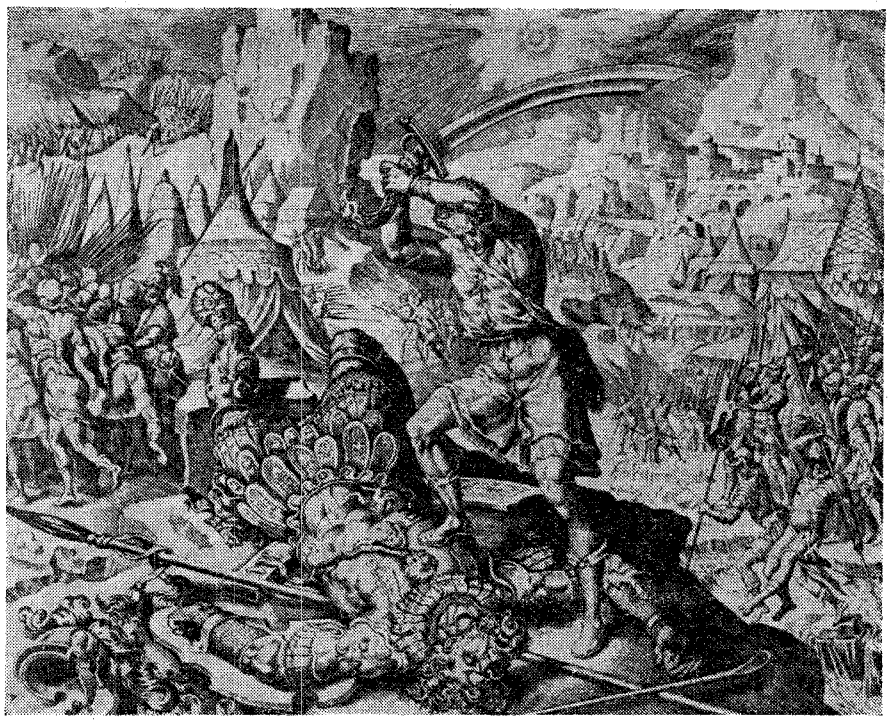
In an introductory chapter, Rabbi Nadich brings up to date the relations to the Jews of the man who campaigned and won the Presidency on the Republican ticket. Included are the President's various messages to the American-Jewish community and Jewish organizations and his statements on Israel and the Middle East, as well as other controversial matters like the McCarran Act.

But the value of this book lies in Rabbi Nadich's painstaking delineation of the plight of the refugees and General Eisenhower's gradual understanding of the complexity of the DP problem. When Eisenhower finally faced up to the vast DP issue, he was decisive and moved quickly to alleviate their troubles. "His smile is famous," Rabbi Nadich writes of the President, "but behind the smile there is strength."

Rabbi Nadich includes in his account many previously confidential documents, but the bulk of "Eisenhower and the Jews" is concerned with the status and problems of the DP's, the manner in which they reestablished their lives and preparing for life in Palestine.

This latter story is told, with considerable documentation and passion, by Leo W. Schwarz in **"The Redeemers"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $4.50). Mr. Schwarz quotes General Walter Bedell Smith as saying that Rabbi (then Chaplain) Nadich was of inestimable value to the American and the Jewish cause. Mr. Schwarz also writes that Rabbi Nadich's own diary was extremely valuable to him in writing "The Redeemers." But Mr. Schwarz is a skilled writer and editor and his book, "a saga of the years 1945-1952," is a less specialized volume than Rabbi Nadich's. It is also a truly epic story of shattered men and women who managed to find new life and dignity in a new land, in the State of Israel. Mr. Schwarz is not satisfied to recreate the old stereotypes. He does not call the DP survivors broken men and women. Rather, he insists that they were people with a dogged desire to live and to reestablish themselves as functioning world citizens. "Change the names and locales" of these people, Mr. Schwarz declares, "and you touch the heart of mankind." And this historic, stirring account of "a people who succeeded in shaping the grim facts of the fourth decade of the twentieth century to fit the mold of their dream" is an extraordinary narrative of an incredible era and an astonishing saga.

—H. U. R.



—*From "Pictorial History of the Jewish People."*

David hacking off Goliath's head—"people with a dogged desire to live."

VANISHED WORLDS: Israel Cohen, a veteran Jewish historian and journalist has written, in **"Travels in Jewry"** (Dutton, $5), an interesting travel book on a world that has passed, on Jewish communities destroyed by Hitler, on Jews who are now to be found only in the pages of history books. The reports and sketches in "Travels in Jewry" describe more than thirty European-Jewish settlements visited by Mr. Cohen between the two world wars, when he was general secretary of the World Zionist Organization. In his official capacity he met the leaders as well as the ordinary folk who comprised the Jewish communities.

Originally, these eye-witness accounts were written when Mr. Cohen visited the many communities he describes. In "Travels in Jewry," however, he appends a few lines to inform the reader as to the fate of that particular Jewish group under Hitler. Each one had a tragic end, which is why the chapters in this volume are more than the casual traveler's report. They constitute a lugubrious, but true, history of a world that no longer exists.

—H. U. R.

HASIDISM A LA BUBER: Martin Buber, the best known interpreter of Hasidism now living, has written "a religious chronicle in fictional form" in **"For the Sake of Heaven"** (Harper, $3). First published in English in 1945 in the beautifully fluid translation of Ludwig Lewisohn, the volume now appears in a second printing and with an additional foreword by Professor Buber. Hasidism was a mystic movement among Jews in the nineteenth century and Professor Buber, in "Tales of the Hasidism, The Early Masters" and "Tales of the Hasidism, The Later Masters" offered to the general public the folk legends, wisdom, religious faith, and morality literature of the ancient Hasidism.

"For the Sake of Heaven" is to Professor Buber more or less what "The Last Puritan" was to George Santayana, a sugar-coated exposition of his faith. Professor Buber denies this when he writes in his foreword that "I did not write this chronicle, as has been said, in order to 'sum up my teachings in a specific manner.'" Nevertheless, this story extolling the teachings of Hasidic rabbis does contain an interweaving of Hasidic tales, legends, anecdotes, wisdom, philosophy, and mysticism. The heroes, Rabbi Jacob Yitzhak and Yehudi of Pshysha, are genuine Hasidic mystics and, as Professor Buber concedes, he produced this chronicle when he "came upon an enormous coil of stories of interrelated content" and found himself unable to resist this great cycle of

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tales. "The material," he says, "had generally been treated from a legendary perspective, but the kernel of reality was unmistakable."

"For the Sake of Heaven," as fiction, is an authentic representation of Hasidism and Hasidic thought.

—H. U. R.

A GERMAN JEWISH LEADER: Franz Rosenzweig died in 1929 at the age of forty-three, after having been nearly totally paralyzed for eight years. Unable to utter a word, to write, or to move, he nevertheless managed to become one of the most influential Jewish theologians of his time, to write monumental volumes of philosophy, scholarly reviews, and (with Martin Buber) a classic German translation of the Bible. His "Star of Redemption" is one of the great Jewish books on religion and through it, his later writings, and the magnetism of his personality, he became the central figure in a Jewish religious renaissance in Germany, in spite of his incredible physical disabilities.

Dr. Nahum N. Glatzer, of Brandeis University, a scholar who himself was closely associated with Rosenzweig, "presents" **"Franz Rosenzweig: His Life and Thought"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $6) in a remarkable book of a most unusual human being.

Divided into two sections, this volume contains an account of Rosenzweig's life as seen through his letters, diary notes, reports of his friends and his doctors, and Rosenzweig's own autobiographical reflections. The latter half reproduces selections from the books, essays, and reviews he managed to write despite his paralysis. It is a lucid and provocative introduction to the life and works of a courageous and brilliant man. It is an astonishing human-interest story as well as a sensitive study of a religious mind at work. —H. U. R.

GREAT JEWISH LETTERS: The first known Hebrew letter ever written was the one which King David sent to his general Joab, via Uriah, asking Joab to send Uriah "in the forefront of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die." King David, of course, lusted after Bathsheba and the letter he wrote changed the course of Jewish history, for Bathsheba was the mother of King Solomon.

Through the centuries Jews have written other, equally dramatic and significant, letters and Franz Kobler's monumental two-volume edition of **"A Treasury of Jewish Letters"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $9), contains hundreds of them, from Biblical times to the era of Emancipation in the mid-eighteenth century. Dr. Kobler believes—and he documents his case with ease—that "all aspects of Jewish life were encompassed by this correspondence conducted over a great part of the globe through the ages." He has included not only memorable single letters but examples of the great letter writers in Jewish history. The epistles in these volumes have been translated from Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, German, and Yiddish. Dr. Kobler's introduction on "The Story of Jewish Letter-Writing" is a masterpiece.

There is a letter here by the prophet Jeremiah, who addressed the Jewish exiles in Babylon and there is the edict of King Cyrus of Persia informing the Jews that they are permitted to return to Jerusalem. Maimonides's finest and most significant letters, including his historic "Iggeret Taymon," or epistle to the Jews of Yemen, are to be found here. The mystic Solomon Luria explains his way of praying, in a letter, and the pseudo-messiah Sabbatai Zevi writes a love letter to his bride. Menasseh Ben Israel pens diplomatic letters in his attempts to persuade England to accept Jews and Spinoza explains his theories of theology—all through letters.

—H. U. R.

JEWISH HISTORY IN PICTURES: Having hit upon a rich lode in "A Treasury of Jewish Folklore" and "A Treasury of Jewish Humor," Nathan Ausubel was more or less due to continue digging for further Jewish literary gold. But he hasn't found it in **"Pictorial History of the Jewish People"** (Crown, $5), which purports to offer, through 1,200 illustrations and a proportionate amount of text, a history of the Jews "from Bible times to our own day throughout the world."

In the face of obviously great labor, "Pictorial History of the Jewish People" is a disappointing volume, all the more so because one senses that, as the only popular book in its field (there is an illustrated Jewish history by Cecil Roth, but it does not have much popular appeal), it will be referred to as a reference volume—and it contains an amazingly large number of errors, both of commission and omission.

Even as a picture book it is badly done, for it is printed on poor quality paper; too many of the illustrations are the size of postage stamps and some of them are so badly reproduced that one can scarcely make out the subject. The photograph of Sigmund Freud, for example, is a blob of black, not the likeness of any human being. The layout is unattractive and ineffective.

Actually, this is less of a picture book with captions than a textbook with illustrations. As a volume of history, however, it is written in careless English, with countless similar errors. In his section on Jewish life in Soviet Russia, Mr. Ausubel manages the slick trick of including an account of Soviet persecution of the Jews and yet manages to sound sympathetic about Russia's "favorable" attitude toward the Jews.

Mr. Ausubel has turned out a neat, commercially attractive job which will make a "gift item." It should have been a lot more than that.

—H. U. R.

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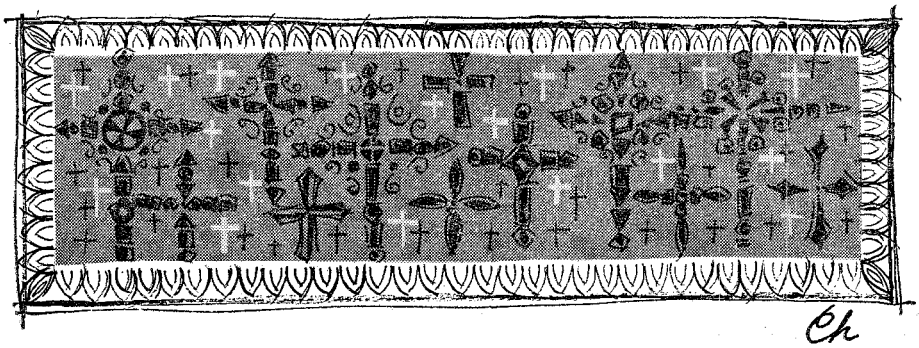

The Religious Bookshelf

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is a highly selective but representative checklist of religious books published during 1953 and thus far this year.*

Religion in Our Times

A SOBER FAITH: Religion and Alcoholics Anonymous. By G. Aiken Taylor. The Macmillan Company. $2. Using dramatic case histories, the author relates how, through the encouragement of a belief in God and a willingness to let that God help, it becomes possible for the AA to cure the alcoholic.

CAMPUS GODS ON TRIAL. By Chad Walsh. The Macmillan Co. $2.50. As professor of English at Beloit College, poet Chad Walsh has had the opportunity of becoming familiar with all varieties of student thinking on the subject of religion and comes up with a fairly startling but lively picture.

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND COMMUNIST FAITH. Edited by D. M. Mackinnon. St. Martin's Press. $4.50. This collection of substantial studies originated in discussions held by members of the Anglican clergy at the University of Aberdeen, England.

THE CHURCH AND MENTAL HEALTH. Edited by Paul B. Maves. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4. Here is a frank and illuminating give-and-take by a group of pastors, psychiatrists, and educators whose aim it is to gain co-operation of the churches and professional bodies in handling problems of mental health.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY. Edited by J. Richard Spann. Abingdon Press. $2.75. Fifteen Protestant scholars specifically illustrate the social areas where religious philosophy could find aggressive application.

FAITH AND FACT: A Guide to Economics through Christian Understanding. By Alfred P. Haake. The Stackpole Co. $3.50. An economist and business consultant, the author tests the compatibility of Christianity with capitalism and Communism, using as his premise the belief that most answers to economic problems are rooted in the field of religion.

GOD AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Victor White. Henry Regnery Co. $4. A substantial attempt by a Catholic theologian to analyze and assess modern schools of psychology and their findings.

HOW TO PLAN THE RURAL CHURCH PROGRAM. By Calvin Schnucker. The Westminster Press. $2.50. Having been a rural pastor himself, the author provides helpful methods of assessing community needs and pointers for a rural church's upkeep.

NOT MINDS ALONE. By Kenneth Irving Brown. Harper & Bros. $3. A former president of Hiram College and Denison University stresses the need for a greater appreciation of ethical and religious values in the American education curriculum.

RELIGION AND ECONOMIC RESPONSIBILITY. By Walter G. Muelder. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. A vigorous and well-informed study of the relationship of economic to religious life in the world today, with some excursions into past history.

SEX AND RELIGION TODAY. Edited by Simon Doniger. Association Press. $3. This searching collection of articles first appeared in the magazine *Pastoral Psychology* and deals with a general survey of historic religious views on sex, current pastoral problems in counseling on sex, mental health, and family situations.

The Church and History

THE AMERICAN CHURCH. Edited by Vergilius Ferm. Philosophical Library. $6. A professor of philosophy at the College of Wooster appraises the Protestant heritage in America as developed through its churches.

AUGUSTINE: Earlier Writing. Selected and translated by John H. S. Burleigh. The Westminster Press. $5. A collection of treatises written by Augustine after his conversion to Christianity in A.D. 386 and before A.D. 395 when he was made Bishop of Hippo.

THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY. By Maurice Goguel. The Macmillan Co. $7.50. A French historian centers his scholarly queries on the factors which give rise to the formation of the early Christian Church after the death of Jesus.

CATHOLIC SHRINES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. Wilfred Funk, Inc. $4.75. Architectural and historic background material is provided for about 157 different shrines, accompanied by many excellent photographs.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE PROBLEM OF HISTORY. By Roger L. Shinn. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50. A professor of religion and philosophy at Ohio's Heidelberg College traces the concept of history as held by Christian thinkers from St. Augustine to Niebuhr.

CHRISTIANITY IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By Herbert Butterfield. The Macmillan Co. $1.75. Three essays by the noted historian of "Christianity and History" examine the role of Christianity in Roman, medieval, and modern times.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP. By George Hedley. The Macmillan Co. $4.50. Each major aspect of Protestant worship, including music and preaching, is given detailed attention and traced to its historic origin.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY: Catholic Social and Political Thought and Movements, 1789-1950. Edited by Joseph N. Moody. Arts. $12. A group of Catholic scholars combine their efforts in producing a compendious review of the worldwide role played by Catholicism in modern history.

THE EASTER BOOK. By Francis X. Weiser. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. Customs, church rituals and their historic origin in relation to the celebration of Easter are given a general survey.

GENTILE REACTIONS TO JEWISH IDEALS. By Jacob I. Raisin. Philosophical Library. $7.50. Special emphasis in this study, which ranges from Biblical times to the present, is placed on people of all races and creeds who embraced Judaism throughout history.

THE HOLY CITY. By Albert N. Williams. Little, Brown & Co. $6. Thirty centuries of Jerusalem's history are recreated in pageant form, ranging in detail from Biblical to modern times.

THE HOLY PLACES. By Evelyn Waugh. The British Book Centre. $4.50. Wood engravings by Reynolds Stone interlard novelist Waugh's article-sized account of his 1935 and 1951 visits to Jerusalem.

THE POCKET HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY. By Fred L. Pick and G. Norman Knight. Philosophical Library. $4.75. American, English, Irish, and Scottish Freemasonry are given a survey treatment in this historical study.

THE RELIGION OF THE HINDUS. Edited by Kenneth W. Morgan. The Ronald Press Co. $5. Seven devout Hindus and scholars have contributed essays on various aspects of ancient and modern Hindu religious beliefs, with a separate section of selections from Hindu sacred writing.

THE SERPENT AND THE SATELLITE. By F. Alfred Morin. Philosophical Library. $4.75. Creation myths of the ancient civilizations are surveyed with a view toward basic interrelations in spiritual principles.

THEOLOGY OF EVANGELISM. By T. A. Kantonen. Muhlenberg Press. $1.25. This concise statement of what constitutes Evangelism and its creed is based on a series of lectures delivered at the Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Texas.

WAYS OF FAITH: An Introduction to Religion. By John A. Hutchison and James Alfred Martin, Jr. The Ronald Press Co. $4.50. Descriptions and discussions of the historical origin and development of the world major religions, both Eastern and Western, form the basis for this survey-study.

Philosophy, Personal Credo

BEYOND ANXIETY: The Christian Answer to Fear, Frustration, Guilt, Inhibition, Indecision, Loneliness, Despair. By James A. Pike. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75. The Dean of New York City's Cathedral of St. John the Divine discusses the main emotional problems which afflict men today.

THE CHRISTIAN APPROACH TO CULTURE: The Schism Between Faith and Our Secular Culture—Its Cause, Effect, and Remedy. By Emile Cailliet. Abingdon Press. $3.75. Mr. Cailliet of Princeton Theological Seminary approaches the subject of faith and culture by way of philosophical disquisitions.

COURAGE IS THE KEY. Edited by Alexander Klein. Twayne Publishers. $3.75. Proof that fact is stranger than fiction can be found in this fascinating anthology of stories about or by people like Lucy Freeman, Helen Hayes, Thor Heyerdahl, Paul de Kruif.

THE GAME OF LIVING. By Floyd Van Keuren. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. Psychological perceptiveness marks the discussions of a retired Protestant Episcopal minister who draws on his experience in order to outline his personal philosophy.

HIGHWAYS TO FAITH. Edited by David Wesley Soper. Westminster Press. $2.75. A member of Alcoholics Anonymous, a "red cap," a soldier, all tell in simple language their own spiritual pilgrimage.

KARL BARTH'S CHURCH DOGMATICS: An Introductory Report. By Otto Weber. Translated by Arthur Cochrane, Westminster Press. $6. An attempt to summarize some of the basic ideas of a great contemporary theologian.

LESSONS IN SUCCESSFUL LIVING. By Albert E. Cliffe. Prentice-Hall. $2.75. An Episcopal lay reader and chemist, the author cured his ulcers by faith and now passes on to others his discovery of the power of faith in everyday living.

THIRTEEN AMERICANS: Their Spiritual Autobiographies. Edited by Louis Finkelstein. Harper & Brothers. $3. Frank, revealing, and informative vistas into the private lives of persons like Clarence E. Pickett, William L. Sperry, David De Sola Pool, are afforded readers of this anthology.

THE UNIVERSAL GOD. Edited by Carl Herman Voss. The World Publishing Co. $5. Aristotle, Bacon, Santayana, Einstein, Schweitzer, and a host of philosophers, scientists, and writers both ancient and modern are corraled in this interfaith anthology which culls relevant extracts from their works.

THE WAY TO EMMAUS. Edited by John A. O'Brien. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. Reverend O'Brien, in editing the story of twenty-one converts to Catholicism, points to a pattern of emotional crises and solution by people from varied backgrounds.

WHAT CAN I KNOW? By Herrymon Maurer. Harper & Bros. $3.50. From a fund of experience as teacher, writer, world traveler, editor, and economist, Mr. Maurer pieces together a stimulating, conversation-styled approach to the meaning of reality.

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The Bible

THE BIBLE: In Questions and Answers. Vol. I: The Old Testament. By William A. Karraker. David McKay Co. $7.50. This ambitious reference work telescopes concordance and commentary into one readable volume which includes the Pentateuch, Wisdom Literature, and all the Historical Books, aiming to be of interdenominational service.

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS. By Thomas Merton. New Directions. $6. A young Trappist monk, who has gained fame through his religious writings, here discusses the meaning of the Psalms. Superb photos of the Christ sculpture at Perpignan, France, accompany the text.

THE GOSPEL AND THE GOSPELS. By Julian Price Love. Abingdon Press. $2.75. A professor of Biblical theology at Louisville Presbyterian Seminary provides a clear commentary on the meaning of the Gospels.

GREAT IDEAS OF THE BIBLE: Outlined for Moderns. By Ryllis Goslin Lynip. Harper & Brothers. $2.75. Using the Moffat translation of the Bible, Mr. Lynip groups Biblical thought into a number of categories—the nature of God and man, the meaning of right and wrong, the ideas of Jesus.

THE INSPIRATIONAL READER. Compiled by William Oliver Stevens and others. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Selections from the King James Version of the Bible have been arranged around a variety of everyday topics ranging from faith to immortality.

JOHN WESLEY'S NEW TESTAMENT. The John C. Winston Co. $2.50. On the occasion of the 250th anniversary of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, a new edition of Wesley's significant translation of the New Testament has been published.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD. By John Bright. Abingdon Press. $3.75. Winner of the 1952 Abingdon $7,500 award, Dr. Bright of Richmond's Union Theological Seminary has chosen a scholarly examination of "The kingdom of God" concept as it is used in the Scriptures.

RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS TO USE THE BIBLE: By J. Carter Swaim. The Westminster Press. $2.50. Literal, figurative, scholarly, and scientific approaches have marked Bible commentary. Dr. Swaim discusses some of them and suggests that Christ be used in gauging the spiritual meaning of the Bible.

Poetry and Narrative

A TREASURY OF HYMNS. Edited by Maria Leiper and Henry W. Simon. Simon & Schuster. $6. This piano-shelf sized anthology of best-loved hymns of many churches combines an extraordinary format, handsome illustrations, and easy readability for voice and piano by adults and children.

BREAD OUT OF STONE. By Scharmel Iris. Henry Regnery Co. $3.50. In a slim volume of lyrical verse, Mr. Iris has created poetry which William Butler Yeats has described enthusiastically as "shot with beauty."

THE CHERUBINIC WANDERER. By Angelus Silesius. Translated by Willard R. Trask. Pantheon Books. $2. This translation features samples of the simple, axiomatic religious poetry of Silesius, or Johannes Scheffler, who is a German baroque poet of the seventeenth century.

THE FIRST CATHOLICS. By Marigold Hunt. Sheed & Ward. $2.75. Written for children, this simply-told narrative recounts how the Church came into being and the adventures of the Apostles in times of hostility.

THE JUGGLER OF OUR LADY. By. R. O. Blechman. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50. Relying on childlike yet penetrating drawings, the author adapts a medieval legend and tells of a frustrated juggler whose sincerity finally is rewarded from above.

Biography, Autobiography

BERNADETTE OF LOURDES. By Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner. $3.50. Tracing the rise of Bernadette from shepherdess to Sister and then to sainthood, popular novelist Keyes supplements her narrative with numerous photographs which are significant to her story.

CARDINAL GASQUET: A Memoir. By Shane Leslie. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.50. Sir Leslie's sparkling prose recreates the hectic career of Francis Aidan Gasquet (1846-1927), an important figure on the English ecclesiastical scene.

HUNTED HERETIC: The Life and Death of Servetus. By Roland H. Bainton. Beacon Press. $3.75. This biography reconstructs the life of Michael Servetus, a distinguished scientist and theologian of the sixteenth century, whose religious unorthodoxies led to his martyrdom at the stake.

LOVE IS MY VOCATION. By Tom Clarkson. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. This tenderly-told story of a French provincial girl whose exemplary life led to her canonization is set at the turn of the century.

MAJOR VOICES IN AMERICAN THEOLOGY. By David Wesley Soper. Westminster Press. $3.50. A clear understanding and appraisal of the theological thinking of Edwin Lewis, Reinhold Niebuhr, Nels F. S. Ferré, Paul Tillich, H. Richard Niebuhr, Robert L. Calhoun, with pertinent biographical data, is the aim of this informative volume.

ONE FINE HOUR. By Frederick Keller Stamm. Harper & Bros. $2.50. Well known as a radio speaker and popular writer on religious subjects, Mr. Stamm turns his talents to recounting the life of Jesus and its lessons for today.

PAUL. By Martin Dibelius and Werner Georg Kummel. The Westminster Press. $2.50. Translated from the German, this study of Paul's role in the rise of the early Church and his fate at the hands of historical commentators throughout the ages is aimed at clearing up controversy and presenting an objective analysis.

PETER: Disciple, Apostle, Martyr. By Oscar Cullman. The Westminster Press. $4.50. A Protestant scholar and professor of religion at the Paris Sorbonne examines all available material in his attempt to determine objectively the historical stature and significance of Peter. Translated from the German by Floyd V. Filson.

PETER E. DIETZ: Labor Priest. By Mary Harrita Fox. University of Notre Dame Press. $4.75. This biographical portrait of a Catholic priest who devoted a lifetime of writing and speaking for various labor causes is an expansion of a doctoral dissertation.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JACQUES MARITAIN. By Charles A. Fecher. The Newman Press. $5. This biography of a foremost Catholic philosopher reviews his life, works, and contemporary stature.

RELIGION IN SHOES. By Hunter B. Blakely. John Knox Press. $2. Brother Bryan shepherded the small Third Presbyterian Church of Birmingham but his reputation and humaneness extended throughout the industrial city.

RUE NOTRE DAME. By Daniel Pézeril. Sheed and Ward. $2.50. Bruce Marshall's introduction briefly touches on the social and economic problems of the French church and a French parish priest provides some details in dramatized diary-form.

SAINTS WESTWARD. By Donald Attwater. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.50. A prolific biographer of religious figures, Mr. Attwater turns his attention to a group of little-known North and South American men and women who have become canonized, entering the ranks of saints.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT. By Christopher Burney. Coward-McCann. $2.75. Four bare walls and eighteen months of solitary imprisonment was the fate meted out by the Germans to this Britisher during World War II. This brilliant narrative tells how his mind and body reacted to this prison solitude.

THE SPRINGS OF SILENCE. By Madeline de Frees. Prentice-Hall. $2.95. Sister Mary Gilbert relates the intimate reflections which accompanied her life as a young nun.

WE TRIED TO STAY. By Dorothy S. McCammon. Herald Press, Scottdale. $2.75. A true and intimate account of a young missionary family originally from Wisconsin who were forced to abandon their life's work in China.

Sermons, Prayers, Devotionals

A FAITH TO PROCLAIM. By James S. Stewart. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. Dr. Stewart of the University of Edinburgh spiritedly discusses material and means of imparting a significant message to sermons.

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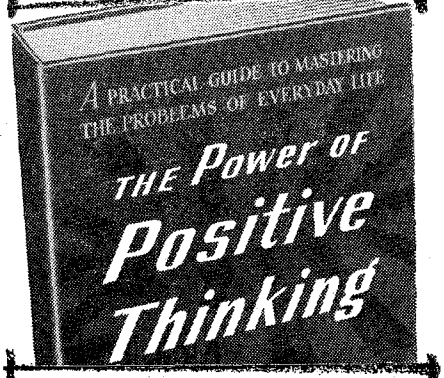

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ogy of Prayer Drawn from the Early English Spiritual Writers. Edited by Claire Kirchberger. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. $3.50. Much of the prayer material in this volume is drawn from previously unpublished manuscripts and is annotated by explanatory notes. These prayer-sermons are couched in simple and ofttimes poetic language.

CREDO. By Martin Harrison. Henry Regnery Co. $4.50. This discussion of the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas is intended as an exposition of church doctrines for Catholic readers.

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION: Catholic Thought for Every Day in the Year. Edited by Anne Fremantle. Stephen Daye Press. $4.75. Each page of this inspirational anthology is devoted to the verbal or written commentary of one notable Catholic figure from a range of centuries.

DO YOU WANT INWARD POWER? By John Heuss. Seabury Press. $2.25. Dr. Heuss, noted rector of New York City's Trinity Church, has chosen fourteen recent sermons which he has delivered on the subjects of faith, creation, and revelation.

GETTING TO KNOW GOD. By John A. Redhead. Abingdon Press. $2. A Presbyterian minister and radio speaker presents sixteen conversational and anecdote-crammed sermons revolving about the question, "What is God?"

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING. By Fulton J. Sheen. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. Twenty-six television sermons in Bishop Sheen's inimitable pyrotechnical manner are brought together in this volume.

LIVING GOD'S WAY. By Reuben K. Youngdahl. T. S. Denison & Co. $2.75. Anecdotes, parables, and homespun talk make up this volume by the pastor of Minneapolis's Mount Olivet Lutheran Church, with a page of devotional reading for each day of the year.

PARTNERS IN PRAYER: A Family Book of Devotion. Edited by Charlotte Marvin Clough. Doubleday & Co. $2.95. Essays, daily devotional thoughts, and special prayer for Easter, Christmas, baptism, and bereavement have been collected in this volume.

THE TRUE AND LIVELY WORD. By James T. Cleland. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. Dr. Cleland demonstrates how sermons should be composed and prepared, utilizing the Bible to the fullest.

TWO SEASONS: Advent and Lent. By Kendig Brubaker Cully and Iris V. Cully. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.75. Active in Methodist and Presbyterian religious education, the Cullys have gathered devotional reading material for each day in Advent and Lent.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

stories in which that city so figures, carefully stacked and aligned, might well stretch from the confines of the Fatuous to those of the Acutely Evident, and **"The Easter Egg Hunt"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) will take its rightful place beside them. Once again it is reported—Hawaiian shorts, Cadillacs, ubiquitous swimming pools, and Beverly Hills mansions to the contrary—that a starlet's life is not a happy one. Under the tutelage of a man who has the population nicely catalogued from *crème de la crème* on down, the reader attends a spate of Gatsbyesque parties, and revels in many a nonconnubial bed. But although the overtones from Fitzgerald and Philip Barry are uncomfortably insistent, Mr. Lamkin's attempt at a forced entry into their hallowed and well-heeled demesnes should not be altogether decried. He could scarcely have chosen better territory. But his characters flatten out, and his conclusions become annoyingly pat. Angelica is supposed to have contributed to the ruin of her True Artist of a movie-directing husband, Laddie Wells. She sums up her analysis of Laddie's tragedy when she claims he has messed up his life himself, without any help from her, in pursuing his creative bent, a course she considers "poppycock." "What do you think life is," she asks, "an Easter Egg Hunt?" And the narrator, edging his voice with the merest trace of brooding irony, intones: "Angelica is a normal type, who must run with the herd. Society, I suppose, works for the preservation of her type, who have a large majority, and the passionate, the unusual, the proud, the romantic must perish like so many black sheep in a river current if society is to go on." *Si jeunesse savait!*

—NICOLAS MONJO.

REFORMATION UPSTAIRS: The snuggery referred to in the title of Nelia Gardner White's latest novel, **"The Spare Room"** (Viking, $3), belongs to the little house of Ann Pilchard, town nurse of a rural New England community. Ann's most engaging trait is her "enormous stock of wonder," which enables her to see each day with an unjaundiced eye. She is happy with her work, with her old-maidish routine, and with the changing face of the surrounding countryside. Into Ann's cheerful domain comes one John Quill Jones, a world-weary young fool, who conveniently collapses on her doorstep. Mr. Jones is very sick, very rich, and in a blue funk at facing up to life. A novelist of more meager talents than Mrs. White would render this sugary situation into pure hokum. It is to her credit that the reader is easily able to accept the premises of her story, and finds every turn of it an uncloying pleasure. From his hibernation in the spare room, young Jones recaptures more than his health, and Nurse Pilchard emerges as an even wiser woman. If one wants to cavil, there is an antiseptic romance between Jones and a laconic, young widow which puts a heavy strain on one's credibility. But even this fails to detract from the novel's homespun appeal.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

DOMESTIC REFUGEES: Together with the more tenacious of the Horatio Alger stories, the legend persists that America was populated solely by Europeans fleeing from the Continental torture-house, only too eager to sever all ties with their ancient home. Charles Neider's most plausible suggestion to the contrary is skilfully embedded in his novel **"The White Citadel"** (Twayne, $3.50). Although his characters—a family of Bessarabian Jews—dream constantly of escaping the chaos of their surroundings, and striking out for the "Golden Land," they prefer to endure the known evils of Russia/Rumania (Bessarabia, of course, changed hands during World War I) for the unknown in America. Kostya, despite the urgings of his wife, Tanya, will not break with his mother and his culture until he is under unendurable domestic—rather than political—pressure. It is only after Tanya takes a lover that Kostya decides it is time to emigrate. Speeded by an exhortation from his father-in-law ("What do you seek? Justice in love? But who told you there's justice in it? . . . Accept and be thankful! . . . It's you agnostics, whose faith is your knowledge of the inevitability of disaster, who cry the loudest when calamity strikes. Fine faith knowledge is! It makes whimperers of you all.")

—N. M.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. It was an imaginary island off the northeast coast of South America, opposite the mouth of the Orinoco River (Chap. XXII). 2. One dog, two cats (Chap. VII). 3. Three Bibles and some books in Portuguese (Chap. VII). 4. Twelve (Chap. VI). 5. He could not get the boat to the water (Chap. XI). 6. Fifteen years (Chap. XV). 7. Ten years (Chaps. XX & XXI). 8. Three years (Chap. XX). 9. His goat-skin cap, umbrella, and parrot (Chap. XXVIII). 10. Crusoe saved his life on a Friday (Chap. XXI).

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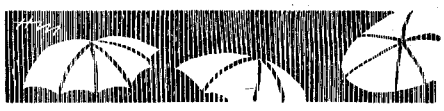
Memories of a Wall Street Suburb

Continued from page 10

grew up, for almost invariably their worlds collapsed about them. Some of their fathers ended like George Francis Train, who sat on a park bench in New York, feeding the squirrels, and who, after owning steamship lines and building street railways in England, lived in a charitable retreat for down-and-outs.

But beside the "wildcat speculators," as people used to call them, there were the quiet solid men of money, unobtrusive often to the point of being mousy, whose dwellings lined the streets in our corner of the town. No one would have supposed that they were presidents of New York banks, or perhaps of the Cotton Exchange or Western railroads, heads of large mining companies and corporations, for, millionaires almost to a man —the town had more than a hundred of these—they seemed to be governed by motives of protective coloration. When, later, I read the American novelists, of whom I knew nothing as a boy, I found that in the case of every character who was a big businessman I could replace the original with a name from Plainfield. There was not one type whom I had not somehow known, from Howells's Silas Lapham to Tarkington's Tinker, the "plutocrat," and from Sinclair Lewis's Dodsworth to the Cowperwood of Dreiser. But, looking back, I am still convinced that Henry Adams was quite right when he said that Americans really cared little for money—less, at least, than various other peoples—that they pursued it only for want of other interests; for money-getting, with these neighbors of ours, while often a pursuit of power, was even more what it seemed to be, a game. It was the great sport of that epoch, as hunting grizzlies might have been, a sport not always lovely but dangerous and amusing; and the manner in which these friends accepted their losses was sometimes in the best tradition and spirit of sport. I remember the force of utter disgust with which my mother exclaimed "What's *money!*" at a certain juncture in our own family life, as if, in fact, money were too contemptible even to be thought of in comparison with some menaced human value. Yet we, at least, never had money, as our neighbors understood the word; we were supposed to be poor, more or less. I believe this feeling underlay our whole small world.

In any case, with its ups and downs, it seemed to be a stable world, permanently supported by cast-iron customs, by a ritual of living that was immemorial, or assumed to be, and that extended into every corner of existence. There was even a ritual of smoking, as I remember, looking back at the complex paraphernalia in my father's den, the only room in which he was encouraged, behind the plush curtains that veiled his door, to perform the elaborate mysteries of this masculine rite. Those were the days of smoking jackets and smoking caps with buttons on top, and my father's den was a small museum of implements for smoking, candles for lighting cigars, brass trays and pipe-racks. It was a fixed note of my father's life that I should pick in the garden for him a flower to stick in his buttonhole at the breakfast-table, while he had a maxim for every occasion, such as "doing as the Romans do" or never being "the first by whom the new is tried." When, later, he saw me wearing my trousers, like Prufrock, with the bottoms rolled, he always said, "I see it's raining in London"; and a code for everything accompanied the maxims, how you should tip your soup-plate and what sort of hat was right for an ocean voyage. He uttered his maxims humorously and lightly but never with any real doubt that life was based on laws and there they were, another of them being that one might wear threadbare clothes, if need were, so long as one's linen was utterly and immaculately fresh. Those were the days when young men, job-hunting, wore frock coats and top hats to make an impression even in a newspaper office; and, while my father could never have rivaled the sartorial magnificence of some of his friends, he dressed in the ceremonial manner of the time. His idea of undress was a blue reefer or a black pea-jacket; but he commonly wore a broadcloth coat, a cutaway with short tails, a square-topped derby hat, and striped worsted trousers. With these went the usual assortment of seal-rings, scarf-pins, watch-charms, and massive sleeve-buttons that paralleled the brooches and bangles of the feminine sex. His shirts, starched like steel breastplates, were made for him with collars that gradually turned into saws about his neck, and his straw-yellow silk handkerchiefs, exhaling a perpetual eau-de-Cologne, spread from his pocket as voluminously as flags or sails. They were like the enormous handkerchiefs



from which we saw parlor magicians extract a brace of rabbits or a basket of eggs.

My mother was not behind my father in feeling that she was always right, if only because her feet were on the Rock of Ages, and her usual reply was "We won't discuss it" if anyone questioned the laws on which our little world seemed to be built. Any dissent was "very provoking," and this evolved into "aggravating" if the dissent was repeated or even prolonged; and yet she was always ready to laugh if one cornered her and teased her until one broke down her by no means fortress-like defenses. Years later one of her younger friends told me how, in church, when both were listening to a rather pompous sermon, my mother whispered, "Marian, what *are* the eternal verities?"—referring to some generalization which the clergyman had uttered. Easily amused as she really was, she had to support the official views—or felt that she had to support them—on all levels of life; and her way of defending any of these was to say it was "so considered."

IT strikes me that Voltaire's phrase for history, "a fable agreed upon," applies to the state of mind of the world we lived in, and of every other society too, for are not all cultures based on rules of a game that people half-consciously agree to play? They well know these are "vital lies," or lies at least in part, shifts that can be defended only in a measure, like the summary simplifications regarding religions and races that characterize the tribal point of view. These latter really mean no more than Benvenuto Cellini meant when he said that the people of Ferrara were "very avaricious," that "all" of them were the same in this respect; and the fictions in question are only maintained because they are felt to be safeguards of security and tribal order. The young people who discarded them—who were constrained to do so, reading "The Way of All Flesh" and the Freudian writings—condemned themselves to playing lone hands against the universe, with no underlying sense of security whatever. And how safe, with all its fictions, this world seemed. For us all Democrats were Ferrarese, not avaricious but somehow base, and I remember my brother and me, at election time, when I was six, burning a stuffed pillow that we called "Grover Cleveland." Our automatic Republicanism made for the sense of security that sprang from the regularity of everything around us, the winding of the clocks on Sunday mornings, the universal parade to church, and the ceremony of "lying down" in the middle of the day. Did

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not everyone's mother, presumably, go upstairs for this? The grinding sound of the coffee-mill that rose early from the kitchen mingled with the other summer sounds, the mowing of the lawn and the far-away beating of carpets, the whirring of the water-sprinklers, the rocking of hammocks, bespeaking not only security but endless time for everything, long hours for reading and dreaming of other sorts of worlds.

One really lost oneself in these, whether Thackeray's world or Vasari's, or the medieval scene of "The Cloister and the Hearth," and no one felt the need of relating these worlds to one's personal "problems," the universal need of a later epoch. I remember my mother as always embroidering tablecloths, napkins, and doilies, which she covered with forget-me-nots, pansies, and sprays of wild roses —in the end I inherited a trunkful of this work of her hands—or reading with a friend the French that she often spoke with my father at table or playing Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, or Chopin. She had been a pupil of Richard Hoffman, Malvina Hoffman's father, and played, I am quite sure, exceptionally well, and her piano had belonged to Paderewski, who had used it on one of his tours and whose name often greeted my infant ears. Chopin was always her favorite, and if, as Tennessee Williams says, "in memory everything seems to happen to music," I would say that with me it happened especially to Chopin. "Everything" seems to have happened to the notes of the nocturnes and études that I remember as accompanying my earliest childhood, floating through open windows on summer afternoons, accompanied in turn by the buzzing of an occasional fly. To this day I always associate Chopin with ladies in white organdie dresses and the gentle flapping of curtains in a languid breeze.

I DIMLY remember the simpler time, the horse-and-buggy age, when Jerry the baggage-master was busy at the station and one saw the liveryman Albert Heddon jogging through the streets in the phæton with the tasseled canopy and the buffalo-skin blanket. I can still hear my grandmother saying, "Now, Jerry, be sure the checks are all on the right trunks." The Civil War was still quite close and there were three generals in the town —one of them General FitzJohn Porter, the ultimate hero of a *cause célèbre*, whose elder daughter had been one of my mother's bridesmaids. There were colonels and majors on all sides, and even the dentist Dr. Wells had been a captain at Bull Run and liked nothing better than to talk about it. Pinning one down and shutting one up with what he called a rubber dam, he discoursed about the fight at the old stone bridge. During the Civil War itself Hawthorne had prophesied that after the war "every country neighborhood will have its general or two, its three or four colonels, half a dozen majors, and captains without end." Our town was in this respect like all the others.

How many odd characters, for the rest, how many queer folk there seemed to be, as many as one found in Russian novels—even the novels of Tolstoy, which we had in the house—types that vanished in later days into sanitariums or were smoothed out by psychoanalysts. There were, for instance, the Von Ohls, reputedly well-born Germans who had fallen upon evil days and drove into town, to market, in a ramshackle gypsy trap and who lived in a rotting old house on the edge of a swamp in the woods that always evoked the story of "No Haid Pawn." For there was a pond near by this breeding-place for ghosts and a gigantic bloodhound that rushed out once at Max Perkins and me when we were searching in the swamp for turtles. We stood back to back, half expecting a horrible death, only to discover that the old hound was toothless. But odder than these were the "old New York" people—or some of them, at least—with whom we were more or less connected, Miss Spencer, for one, who lived by herself with a Great Dane called Nero and an orange-tree that spread through the floor of her parlor. Miss Spencer still wore the bonnets and mantles and tippets of the days when she and my grandmother were both young, almost the days of the red-coated portrait of her English grandfather who had settled in New York and married the young French lady in pale yellow satin. A perfect pair of oddities were our cousins Richard and Lottie Brown, the deaf old bachelor and spinster brother and sister whom I somehow associated with Charles and Mary Lamb. Their father had been the partner of Philip Hone, the mayor of New York who kept the Pepysian diary that has often been reprinted, and I still have a set of Coleridge that Cousin Lottie gave me, along with her father's letters of travel. For many years he had been president of the Mercantile Library in New York and his peregrinations as an old-time merchant had led him over the South and the West, and Europe as well, in the Eighteen Twenties and Thirties. He had fallen in with Daniel Webster at

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3-6

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St. Louis in 1837 and had raced in a packet-ship against the *Great Western*, finding himself on one occasion, traveling from London to Paris, in the company of the poet laureate Robert Southey.

There were various literary people in the town, among them Julian Hawthorne, who lived in a little pinkish house with tall pointed windows, like a miniature Venetian palace forlornly astray. A daughter of Julia Ward Howe—Florence Howe Hall—lived near the Hawthornes on the Scotch Plains road; and, while Edmund Clarence Stedman had spent part of his youth in one old house, Bret Harte's wife and daughters still lived in another. They had been virtually abandoned by the almost-great writer of whom Mark Twain said that his heart was "merely a pump without any other function." But, if the spirit of any author was active in the town one might perhaps have said it was Washington Irving's, for half the population had old Dutch names that were all to be found in Knickerbocker's history of New York. There were Beekmans, Van Burens, Bogarduses, Van Zandts and Van Boskercks, Van Rensselaers, Laurenses, Brockholsts, Schuylers, and Suydams, a fact that apparently interested nobody, for it was very well known that New Yorkers knew nothing and cared nothing about their forbears. It was because they knew nothing about them that Washington Irving had written his book, for which they abused him roundly after he had done so; and Edith Wharton testified that even in her later day "the New Yorker was singularly, inexplicably indifferent to his descent." The history of New York had been a succession of names that were known for a time and vanished to give place to another set, for the city was "permanently in transition," as Henry James put it, and in this way very unlike Boston, where the same names remained at the top and even gathered prestige with the generations. Whatever the reasons for this may have been—and one of them was that Bostonians were cannier investors than New Yorkers and kept their fortunes — the Knickerbocker families that had once been known were all represented by survivors in the town along with relations of families that were not yet snowed under. For me Washington Irving was still alive, or he came alive, as I should say, when later I was told that my grandmother had met him. This was at a party in her uncle's house where she had spent her vacations as a schoolgirl in New York. "A very pretty compliment from a very pretty girl," he had said in reply to one of her remarks.

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YOUNG MAN, 27, college instructor, M.A. Romance Languages, seeks interesting summer employment. Box S-28.

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MAN, 27, M.A., Director of Guidance, and wife, B.S., teacher, desire interesting summer work anywhere. Will travel. Box S-36.

PROFESSIONAL MAN wishes man to occupy spare room. Shower and facilities attached. Complete privacy. Use of living room and kitchenette. West Side Manhattan, $60 monthly. Box S-33.

GIRL LAW STUDENT (25, Negro) wishes position traveling abroad July, August. Fluent French, good Spanish. Box S-43.

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WOMAN, 31, PBK, English major, good secretary, wishes work in cultural, humanitarian organization. Box S-27.

PRINCIPIA COLLEGE GRADUATE (1954) desires interesting summer work. He has traveled in Europe and Middle East. Speaks French well, some Spanish, German. Box S-42.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1041

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Breadth, abundance.	177 45 43 4 59 14 126 66 113
B. Title, popular novel of 20 years ago, quoted from Dowson's "Cynara" (4 wds.).	36 167 96 55 100 71 10 154 40 26 56 83 1 181 9
C. French military aviator (45 enemy planes, World War I; 1892-1927).	13 81 35 140 61 166 146 3 160
D. Outstanding.	65 134 34 52 145 75 131
E. Rend violently.	93 54 121 76 17 163 187
F. French portraitist to Peter the Great (1685-1766).	175 188 157 53 102 135 109
G. State where the geographical center of U.S. (continental) is located.	41 62 124 47 84 74
H. Circle described about the center of an elliptical orbit, with half major axis as radius.	123 90 103 79 112 72 184 5 178
I. Hold back, restrain.	88 190 104 111 161 138 25
J. Small, tremulous, intermitted noise.	176 18 156 186 136 108 85
K. Miners' pick handles.	101 189 30 107 173
L. Strike with something flat.	70 33 118 48 153 165
M. Editor-in-chief, Saturday Evening Post.	78 73 129 2 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Reduce again gradually.	63 27 22 38 51 44 77 20 183
O. Euphemistic for death (4 wds.).	6 49 58 28 149 32 68 46 127 80 19 105
P. Voracious.	8 24 180 89 152 147 142 82
Q. Long gutters or furrows through which anything passes.	97 11 171 144 139 159 60 185
R. Cape in Washington, most westerly point of U.S. mainland.	69 148 116 7 95
S. Admiral Peary's famous Negro manager (to the North Pole; full name; 1866-).	92 39 179 117 15 128 150 158 50 29 169 133 122
T. Longitudinally.	119 64 182 114 141 132 155
U. A place where the plant *Erica* grows.	115 106 23 37 151 98 162 172
V. Take precedence of.	143 91 170 168 16 57 21
W. Based on traditional stories.	110 31 94 137 174 120
X. Indoctrinated.	12 86 130 87 164 67 42 125

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	1 B	■	2 M	3 C	4 A	5 H	6 O	7 R	8 P	9 B	■	10 B	11 Q	12 X
13 C	■	14 A	15 S	16 V	17 E	■	18 J	19 O	20 N	21 V	■	22 N	23 U	24 P	■	25 I
26 B	27 N	■	28 O	29 S	30 K	31 W	■	32 O	33 L	34 D	35 C	36 B	■	37 U	38 N	39 S
40 B	■	41 G	42 X	43 A	44 N	■	45 A	46 O	■	47 G	48 L	49 O	50 S	■	51 N	52 D
■	53 F	54 E	55 B	■	56 B	57 V	58 O	■	59 A	■	60 Q	61 C	62 G	63 N	64 T	65 D
66 A	■	67 X	68 O	69 R	70 L	■	71 B	72 H	■	73 M	74 G	75 D	76 E	■	77 N	78 M
79 H	■	80 O	81 C	82 P	83 B	84 G	85 J	86 X	■	87 X	88 I	89 P	90 H	91 V	92 S	93 E
94 W	95 R	96 B	97 Q	98 U	99 M	■	100 B	101 K	102 F	103 H	104 I	■	105 O	106 U	107 K	108 J
109 F	110 W	111 I	112 H	113 A	■	114 T	115 U	116 R	117 S	■	118 L	119 T	■	120 W	121 E	122 S
■	123 H	124 G	125 X	126 A	127 O	128 S	■	129 M	130 X	131 D	■	132 T	133 S	134 D	135 F	136 J
137 - W	138 I	139 Q	140 C	■	141 T	142 P	■	143 V	144 Q	145 D	146 C	147 P	148 R	149 O	■	150 S
151 U	152 P	153 L	154 B	■	155 T	156 J	157 F	158 S	159 Q	160 C	■	161 I	162 U	163 E	164 X	165 L
166 C	■	167 B	168 V	■	169 S	170 V	171 Q	172 U	173 K	■	174 W	175 F	176 J	177 A	178 H	179 S
■	180 P	181 B	182 T	183 N	184 H	■	185 Q	186 J	187 E	188 F	189 K	190 I	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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